

September.

O golden month! How high thy gold is heaped!
The yellow birch-leaves shine like bright coins
strung
On wands; the chestnut's yellow pennons tongue
To every wind its harvest challenge. Steeped
In yellow still the fields where wheat was reaped;
And yellow still the corn sheaves stacked among
The yellow pounds, which from the earth have
wrung
Her utmost gold. To highest boughs hath
leaped
The purple grape,—last thing to ripen,—late
By every reason of its precious cost.
Oh, heart, remember, glazes are lost
If grapes do not for freezing night-dews wait;
Think while thou sun'st thyself in Joy's estate,
Mayhap thou canst not ripen without frost!
—H. H. in *September Atlantic*.

HOW KAISER WILHELM'S SISTER WAS WON.

The betrothal and marriage of the Princess Charlotte of Prussia with Nicholas, who was then only a Grand Duke, but became afterward Emperor of Russia, forms one of the sweetest and most romantic love episodes in the world of European courts; which is usually so devoid of love and romance, and would, on that account alone, deserve being remembered quite regardless of the historical interest which will henceforth adhere to the members of the family of the conqueror of France.

Princess Charlotte was born in the year 1798, and was the eldest daughter of King Frederick William the Third of Prussia, and his beautiful and accomplished wife, Queen Louise. Her early childhood elapsed amidst scenes of terror and humiliation for the royal family of Prussia, and nobody would at that time have ventured to predict for her the brilliant career which Providence kept in store for this child, born and brought up under such fatal auspices. We might, indeed, make an exception in favor of her mother, who, with that prophetic intuition which seems to have been the distinguishing feature of that high-minded woman, wrote one day to her father, the Duke of Mecklenburg, the following lines about her daughter:

"Charlotte is given to silence and reserve, but under her apparent coldness she conceals a warm and loving heart. Her indifference and pride are but the dull outside of a diamond of the purest water, which some day will shine forth in its brilliant lustre. Her bearing and manners are noble and dignified. She has but few friends, but these few are warmly attached to her. I know her value, and predict for her a brilliant future, if she lives long enough."

The young Princess was, indeed, a very frail and delicate creature—one of those tender flowers which seem to wait for the kind hand of the gardener to transplant them into a warmer clime. She was charming and handsome; but her beauty was rather that of a pale lily than that of a blooming rose.

Charlotte was just sixteen when, in the year 1814, the Grand Duke Nicholas, on his way to the camp of the allied armies in France, passed through Berlin, and was warmly welcomed as an honored guest at the royal palace.

The description, which those who saw and know the Grand Duke at that time, have given of the incomparable graces of his person and mind, makes it easy for us to imagine that the heart of a young girl just budding into womanhood was captivated and charmed by him almost at first sight. Well might he have said, like Caesar, "I came, I saw, I conquered." The Princess fell in love with him, and fortunately for her the young Grand Duke returned her love fully as passionately.

The Grand Duke Nicholas had the reputation of being one of the handsomest, if not the very handsomest man of his times; and his majestic and stately form, which measured no less than six feet two inches, was considered unequalled in beauty, not only in Russia, but in all Europe.

He was vigorous, strong, full of life and health, with broad shoulders and chest, while his small hands and feet were of the most aristocratic elegance; his whole figure realized the perfect model of manly and commanding beauty which the divine art of a sculptor of antiquity has immortalized under the features of the Apollo Belvedere. His features were of the Grecian cast—forehead and nose formed a straight line—and his large, blue, sincere eyes showed a singular combination of composure, sternness, self-reliance and pride, among which it would have been difficult for the observer to name the predominant expression. Those who would have looked closely and attentively into those remarkable eyes would have easily believed that their threatening glances would suffice to suppress a rebellion, to terrify and disarm a murderer, or to frighten away a suppliant; but there would have been but few to believe that the sternness of those eyes could be so entirely softened as to beam forth nothing but love and kindness. Among those few was, however, the young Prussian princess, who had drunk deep in their intoxicating fervor. It is true that she was the only person in the world in whose presence the Olympian gravity of his features gave way to a radiant cheerfulness, which made his manly beauty perfectly irresistible.

In such moments his magnificent brow, always the seat of meditation and thought exhibited the serene beauty and Attic grace of a young Athenian; the serious Pericles seemed, by the invisible wand of a magician, to have been transformed into the youthful Alcibiades.

Such is the flattering picture which his contemporaries have drawn of the personal appearance of the Grand Duke Nicholas at the time of his arrival at Berlin.

At that time, however, the matchless personal charms of the Grand Duke were not enhanced by political prospects of the most exalted character. He was not even eventually considered an heir to the

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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imperial crown of Russia. It is true, Alexander the First, his brother, had no children, but in the case of his death, Grand Duke Constantine was to inherit the throne of Peter the Great, and to leave to Nicholas at best but the position of a prince of the best blood. Nevertheless, Frederick William, charmed alike by the beauty and intellect of his guest, and by the hope of uniting the sovereign houses of Prussia and Russia by the close ties of family union, greeted the prospect of marriage between the Grand Duke and his daughter with enthusiasm, especially when he discovered that the young folks themselves were very fond of each other.

The king then delicately insinuated to his daughter that if she had taken a liking to the Grand Duke, and had reason to believe that the prince entertain similar feelings toward her, their marriage would meet with no objection on his part.

But the young princess, although secretly delighting in a hope which so fully responded to the secret wishes of her heart, was either too proud or too bashful to confess to her father her love for the Grand Duke, who had not yet made any declaration to her.

In this manner the day approached on which the Grand Duke was to leave Berlin. On the eve of his departure a grand gala supper was given in his honor at the Royal palace, and, by way of accident or policy, the young Princess Charlotte was seated by the side of her distinguished admirer.

The Grand Duke was uncommonly taciturn during the evening. His gloomy forehead was clouded, and his gloomy eyes seemed to follow in the space vague phantoms flitting before his imagination. Repeatedly he neglected to reply to questions addressed to him, and when he was asked to respond to a toast which one of the royal princes had proposed in his honor, he seemed to awake from a profound dream which had entirely withdrawn him from his surroundings.

Suddenly, as if by a mighty effort of his will, he turned to his fair neighbor, and whispered so as only to be understood by her,

"So I shall leave Berlin to-morrow!" He paused abruptly, and looked at the princess as if he were waiting for an answer which expressed sorrow and grief on her part. But the princess was fully as proud as the Grand Duke, and overcoming the violent throbbings of her heart, she said politely to him,

"We are all very sorry to see you, Imperial Highness leave us so soon. Would it not have been possible for you to defer your departure?"

"You will all be very sorry?" muttered the Grand Duke, not entirely satisfied with the vagueness of sorrow which these words of the princess implied. "But you in particular, madame," he added, after some hesitation. "For it will depend on you alone whether I shall stay here or depart."

"Ah!" replied Charlotte, with her sweetest smile, "and what have I to do to keep your Imperial Highness here?"

"You must permit me to address my admiration and homage to you."

"Is that all?"

"And you must encourage me to please you."

"That is much more difficult," said the princess, with a deep blush, but at the same time her eyes beamed forth so much affection and delight that the prince could see at a glance that his fondest hopes had been realized beforehand.

"During my short stay at Berlin," the grand duke continued, in the same tone of voice, "I have taken pains to study your affections, and this study has satisfied me that you would render me very happy, while, on the other hand, I have some qualities which would secure your own happiness."

The princess was overcome by emotion, and in her confusion did not know what to answer. At last she said, "But here, in the presence of the whole court, at the public table, you put such a question to me!"

"O," said the prince, "you need not make any verbal reply. It will be sufficient for you to give me some pledge of your affection. I see there on your hand a small ring, whose possession would make me very happy. Give it to me."

"What do you think of? Here in the presence of a hundred spectators?"

"Ah, it can easily be done without being seen by anybody. Now we are chatting so quietly with each other that there is not one among the guests who suspects in the least what we are talking about. Press the ring into a morsel of bread and leave it on the table; I will take the talisman, and nobody will notice it."

"This ring is really a talisman."

"I expected so. May I hope to hear its history?"

"Why not? My first governess was a Swiss lady by the name of Wildermatt. Once she went to Switzerland in order to enter upon an inheritance which had been bequeathed to her by a distant relative. When she came back to Berlin, a few weeks afterwards, she showed me quite a collection of pretty and costly jewelry, which formed part of the inheritance. 'This is a curious old ring,' said I to her, as I put this little old-fashioned ring on my finger. 'Does it not look

queer and cunning? Perhaps it is an old relic or talisman, and may have been worn centuries ago by a pious lady who had received it from her knight, starting for the Holy Land.' I tried to take the ring from my finger again, but I could not get it off; for I was a little fleshier than now," said Charlotte, smilingly. "My governess insisted on my keeping the ring as a souvenir. I accepted her present, and the ring has been on my finger ever since. Sometime afterward, when I was contemplating its strange workmanship, I succeeded in pulling it from my finger, and was much surprised at seeing engraved on the inside some words which, though nearly rubbed out by the wear of time, were still legible. Now, your Imperial Highness, what do you think were the words engraved upon it? I think when you hear them you will take some interest in the ring."

"Ah! and pray what were they?"

"The words engraved upon the inside were 'Empress of Russia.' This ring had undoubtedly been presented by an Empress of Russia to the relative of Mrs. Wildermatt, for I was told that both this lady and her mother had formerly belonged to the household of the czarina, your august grandmother."

"This is really remarkable," said the grand duke, thoughtfully. "I am quite superstitious, and I am really inclined to regard this ring, if I should be happy enough to receive it from you as a pledge of your love, as an omen of very auspicious significance."

In answer to this second and even more direct appeal to her heart, the princess took a small piece of bread, played carefully with it, and managed to press the ring into the soft crumbs. Then she dropped it playfully on the table quite close to the plate of her neighbor. And after this adroit exhibition of her skill as an actress, she concluded to eat as unconcerned as if she had performed the most insignificant action of her life.

With the same apparent coolness and indifference the Grand Duke picked up the bread inclosing the ring, took the latter out of its ingenious envelope, and concealed it in his breast, for it was too small to fit any of his fingers. It was this ring—both the pledge of Charlotte's love and the auspicious omen of his own elevation to the imperial dignity—which Nicholas wore on a golden chain around his neck to the very last day of his life, and which, if we are not mistaken, has even descended with him into the vault of his ancestors.

Three years afterward, in 1817, Princess Charlotte, then only nineteen years of age, and in the full splendor of beauty and happiness, made her entry into St. Petersburg by the side of her husband, whose eye had never looked prouder, and whose Olympian brow had never been more serene than at this happiest moment of his life. As he looked down upon the vast multitude who had flocked together from all parts of the vast empire to greet the young princess with shouts and rejoicings, and then again upon his fair young bride, perhaps the inscription of the ring recurred to his mind; for, bending his head quite close to the ear of Charlotte, he whispered, "Now empress of the hearts, and some day, perhaps, empress of the realm."

At this moment the procession reached the main entrance of the Winter Palace, where Alexander the First, the Emperor, came to meet his beautiful sister-in-law, and conduct her into the sumptuous drawing-rooms of the magnificent palace of the czars. Who would believe that eight short years afterward the brilliant young emperor had breathed his last, and that Nicholas and Charlotte would succeed him on the throne of Russia? Truly the inscription of the engagement ring had proven prophetic!

A Soft Answer.

The husband was of a quick temper and often inconsiderate. They had not been married a year, when one day in a fit of hasty wrath, he said to his wife,

"I want no correction from you. If you are not satisfied with my conduct, you may return to the home whence I took you, and find happiness with your kin."

"If I leave you," returned the unhappy wife, "will you give me back that which I brought you?"

"Every thing!" he answered, "I meant not the wealth of gold. I thought not of dress. I mean my maiden heart—my first and only love—my buoyant hopes, and the promised blessings of my womanhood. Can you give these to me?"

A moment of thought—of convulsion—and then taking her into his arms—

"No, no, my wife, I cannot do that, but I will do more. I will keep them herewith unaltered and unpaired. I cherish your blessings as my own; and never again will I forget the pledge I gave at the altar when you gave your peace and happiness to my keeping."

How true it is that a soft answer turneth away wrath! and how many, O! how many of the bitter stripes of domestic life might be avoided by remembering and acting in accordance therewith.

It requires the keenest eyesight to see the crack of a whip.

Saxon Hospitality.

Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were a hospitable race, although, some of the laws that governed the relations between host and guest were extremely curious. If any one entertained a guest in his house three days, and the guest committed any crime during that period, his host was obliged either to bring him to justice or answer for it himself. By another law, a guest, after two nights' residence, was considered one of the family, and his entertainer was to be responsible for his actions.

On the arrival of a stranger, he was welcomed, and water was brought him to wash his hands; and his feet also were washed in warm water. At meals, the parties sat at large, square tables on long benches according to rank, and by a law of King Canute, a person sitting out of his proper place was to be pelted from it with bones at the discretion of the company, without the privilege of taking offense. The mistress of the house sat at the head of the table upon a raised platform beneath a canopy, and helped the provisions to the guests. From this, came the modern title of lady, softened from the Saxon *lief-dien*, or server of bread. The tables were covered with fine cloths, some of them very costly. A cup of horn, silver, silver-gilt or gold, was presented to each person. Other vessels were of wood, inlaid with gold; dishes, bowls and basins were of silver, gold and brass engraved. The benches and seats were covered with embroidery, and some of the tables were of silver. All the tables were square at this period; but they were afterwards replaced by the old oaken table of long boards upon trestles.

The food of the period consisted of meat and vegetables, and the tables were plentifully, but plainly supplied. There were oxen, sheep, fowls, deer, goats and hares, but hogs yielded a principal part of the provision. On this account, swine were allowed to run and feed in the royal forests. All the kinds of fish that we have now, were eaten at this time, but herring were preferred. The porridge, now no longer eaten, was then a favorite dish. Bread was made of barley, and wheat bread was a delicacy. In representations of Anglo-Saxon feasts the men and the women were seated apart at table. A person is usually seen sitting a piece of meat off the spit into a plate held underneath by a servant. Cakes of bread upon oblong, square and round dishes are on the table. The company sat on forms, the chief visitors seated in the middle, and the next in rank on the right and left. A dish on the table were set apart for alms for the poor, and when our Anglo-Saxon kings dined the poor sat in the streets, expecting the broken victuals from their table.

At private parties two persons eating out of the same dish was a peculiar mark of friendship. Forks were not invented, and our ancestors made use of their fingers; but for the sake of cleanliness, each person was provided with a small silver ewer containing water, and two flowered napkins of the finest linen. The dessert consisted of grapes, figs, nuts, apples, pears and almonds. Festivals were given to the people on religious accounts. They kept them up the whole day on state occasions, and the feast was accompanied by music.

In Remote Japan.

Those who land for the first time in the more remote parts of Japan find themselves transported not so much to a new world as to a different age. Immediately after having entered the Inland Sea the voyager is brought face to face with scenes and customs irresistibly recalling what is known of those of ancient Greece and Rome. The ships seen as they have floated off some ancient coin. They have the same rig, the same single sail, with *antenna* and *cervetti*, and if not the same rudder, at least one all but the same, as the *pedalion*. Their exact shape has been seen on hundreds of coins and marbles, which have made us familiar with the overhanging prow and the chambered *aplustre* at the stern. Dodo-na and the shrine of the Tyrian Astarte are recalled by the sacred groves which wave on every island, and crown headland after headland on the main. Shrines and temples, with their statues and sacred vessels, their fountains for libation, their altars and votive tablets, are to be seen on these shores on every side. One feels that here, if nowhere else, the classical antiquarian may realize much of the real life of ancient times. The garments of the inhabitants are of a Roman or an ancient fashion. The flowing robes of the comfortable classes in the streets of towns closely resemble the toga of the Romans, but not more closely than does the short tunic of the women the *chiton* of the Greeks. The shops, with their open fronts, are on the model of those still to be seen at Pompeii. The spaces between flat adjacent tiles upon the roofs are in Japan now, as in Southern Europe in the days of Plautus, closed by rows of semi-cylindrical *imbrices*. The state of material civilization is on a level with that which prevailed throughout the Roman world in the best days of the Empire.—*Fortnightly Review*.

Misadventures of a Pound of Tea.

In the fall of 1776, when Mr John Adams and Mr. Samuel Adams were both in Philadelphia, the former sent his wife, by Mr. Gerry, a pound of green tea as a choice present, paying for the same upwards of forty shillings. Through some mistake on the part of the messenger, the canister was given to Mrs. Samuel instead of Mrs. John. On hospitality intent, the former invited the latter, with some friends, to a tea-drinking. Mrs. John praised the tea which Mrs. Samuel's sweetheart had sent her and grumbled not a little in her next letter to John that he should not have been as attentive as his kinsman. The cream of the joke appeared, however, when Mrs. John discovered it was her own tea with which she had been so bountifully entertained. Of course, when the error was discovered, Mrs. Samuel returned all that remained.—*Harper's Magazine*.

A Mean Advantage.

There were a score or more of women gathered together at Mr. Johnson's house. Mr. Johnson is a good-hearted man and a respectable citizen, though he is rather skeptical about some things. The women had just organized "The Foreign Benevolent Society," when Mr. Johnson entered the room. He was at once appealed to donate a few dollars as a foundation to work on, and Mrs. Graham added:

"It would be pleasant in after years for you to remember that you gave this society its first dollar and its first kind word."

He slowly opened his wallet, drew out a ten-dollar bill, and as the ladies smacked their lips and clapped their hands, he asked:

"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" they chorused, "And it wants money!"

"Yes—yes!"

"Well, now," said Johnson, as he folded the bill in a tempting shape, "there are twenty married women here. If there are fifteen of you who can make oath that you have combed your children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, blackened the cook stove, and made the beds, I'll donate this \$10."

"I have," answered two of the crowd, and the rest said:

"Why, now, Mr. Johnson?"

"If fifteen of you can make oath that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, this money is yours," continued the wretch.

"Just hear him!" they exclaimed, each one looking at the other.

"If ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of their pants, that 'X' goes into the society," said Johnson.

"Such a man!" they whispered.

"If there are five pairs of stockings in this room that don't need darning I'll hand over the money!" he went on.

"Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Graham, with great dignity, "the rules of this society declare that no money shall be contributed except by members; and as you are not a member I beg that you will withdraw and let us proceed with the routine business."

The Doctrine of Transmission.

A boy had been punished by his father with solitary confinement for lying. He showed on his release that he had been employing his time in theological reflections, instead of using it for self-mortification. He asked his father:

"Pa, did you ever tell lies when you were little?"

The father, perhaps conscience-smitten, endeavored to evade the question. But the child persisted.

"Did you tell lies when you were little?"

"Well, no," said the father; "but why do you ask?"

"Did ma tell lies when she was little?"

"I don't know, my son; you must ask her."

"Well," retorted the young hopeful, "one of you must have told lies, or you could not have had a boy that would do it."

An amusing story is told of a lady who pressed a friend to visit her in the country. On his arrival he was at once shown to his room, the dressing-bell, he was informed, having already rung. On entering the room in which the company assembled before dinner, he found himself alone with a little girl, elegantly dressed, who, as the event proved, was quite equal to the occasion. He spoke to her in language which he supposed to be suited to her years, and for a time they got on very well together, when she presently bethought herself that she would like to know the name of her new friend. He at once complied with her request, and told her his name; upon which she instantly returned, with the utmost naivete, "Oh, then, you are the man that mamma says has sung himself into society!"

Truth will be uppermost one time or another, like cork, though kept down in the water.

How a Chinaman Bought a Horse.

Wau Lee had long wanted a horse with which to collect and deliver his "laundry" work about the city, and one day last week came to the conclusion to buy one. On Wednesday evening, while aimlessly strolling by the Kennard House, he heard the pool seller shouting, "How much for Fullerton? I am offered only forty dollars for this horse; the Maid sold for one hundred! Who says forty-five dollars for Fullerton?"

Now Wau, in his travels, had heard something about fast horses, and knew that Fullerton was "no slouch," as the saying is. So when he saw a chance to buy him—as it struck his heathen intelligence—for only forty-five dollars, he concluded he had better close the bargain at once, and secure a horse which could whisk his deliver wagon around at a lively rate. With a rapid nod he conveyed the knowledge to the seller that he would give forty-five dollars, and as there was no higher bidder, the purchase was made.

Wau edged up to the stand and asked, "When me payee, and when me gettee the hoss?"

"Pay now," said the hurried man, "and come around to-morrow night for the chance."

"Allee light," said Wau as he unrolled his pigtail, extracted his hard-earned money, and departed with the card which secured him the pool as far as Fullerton was concerned.

Thursday night he was at the Kennard at the appointed time, and when he saw the pool-clerk, pushed his card forward and said: "Allee light now—me wantee Fullerton!"

"Fullerton!" said the clerk. "Hedidn't win. Smuggler took the pool!"

"Me caree nothing about pool—me wantee loss!"

"You have no horse here. You paid for your chance and lost it."

"Lost him? Me paid forty-five dolle. Me lost him?"

"Yes."

"Whatee you mean? You thieft! You pay me forty-five dollee or I go to fleecce house!"

"You will get nothing," said the clerk; "you bet your money and lost it."

Wau went for a policeman and explained. When he learned that his forty-five dollars were gone forever, he shook his fist toward the Kennard House and started for home, scattering Chinese oaths along his path at the rate of about a thousand to the minute.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Poor Rich Men.

The Congregationalist says: Many a man in the wild country of Buenos Ayres in South America, who is very rich in cattle, has not a bed in his house, and is too indifferent or too lazy to shear the wool from his sheep to spread on the ground beneath him. He may own a thousand oxen and horses, and five thousand sheep, but he has nothing in his house such as we think we must have in order to be comfortable. The skull of an ox furnishes a seat which he thinks is good enough, and a horn is his cup. This is all of his household furniture.

There are many rich men in the world who are poorer than even these South American herdsmen, men who take and hoard up God's gifts, and refuse to enjoy them themselves, or to share them with the needy. There are others who live in luxury and amass wealth for their children, and whose only treasures are laid up on earth, where moth and rust corrupt, and who, when they die, own only the small spot of earth that forms their narrow bed.

He who has a mansion in heaven is rich, however lowly his present lot; and he is doubly rich to whom God has given earthly treasures, and also those riches which endure beyond the grave.

We have seen rich beggars, and we have seen poor millionaires.

Courting Birds.

I have frequently seen the robin courting, and have always been astonished and amused at the utter coldness and indifference of the female. She will positively not hear a word of it, at least during certain stages of the ceremony, nor recognize her adorer by look or sign. Yet he is not discouraged; he follows her from tree to tree, and from field to field, spreading his plumage, pouring out his flattery, offering her food, challenging his rivals, and doing his utmost to gain her approval, which, no doubt, he soon succeeds in doing. I have noticed the same little comedy enacted among the English house sparrows, but not among any other birds. The females of every species of birds, however, I believe, have this in common—they are absolutely free from coquetry, or any airs and wiles whatever. In most cases nature has given the song and the plumage to the other sex, and all the embellishing and acting is done by the male bird.—*John Burroughs in Scribner*.

Idleness—the sure pilot-fish of crime and shame.

A Heroine.

It is pleasant to find a Swedish paper full of a story of the heroism displayed by English villagers in rescuing the crew of the Swedish steamer *Gustave* from drowning. The story is from a Stockholm paper. It seems that on the 15th of Janua y, in fog, the *Gustave* went ashore at Cresswell, a little Northumbrian village five miles to the north of the town of Newbiggin. The crew were all in imminent danger of drowning. The life-boat was manned by thirteen out of the fifteen male inhabitants of Cresswell, and only two old fishermen and the women were left ashore, and these waded deep into the sea to get the life-boat afloat. But the life-boat could not get at the wreck without a rocket apparatus, and a girl, "Bella," went to Newbiggin to get it, wading through the bays to shorten the distance, and she had walked in this way ten miles when she came back from her errand. She was so benumbed by her wet clothing—she had her wet clothes on six hours—that she had, the next morning, after all the crew were saved, a sharp attack of cramps. The Swedish writer, commenting on this girl's achievement, says: "Who those shipwrecked people were, was unknown to her; to what country they belonged, was all the same to her; it was a question of human life that might be saved by her means. I opened the family Bible, the sole ornament of that unassuming room, and there read the name of 'Isabella Brown, born 1853.'"

Fortunate the country which possesses men and women like those, who on that icy January night, flew to the rescue of the Swedish steamer *Gustave* and its crew. And fortunate, too, the country whose people feel and realize so gratefully the courage and devotion by which they have been saved.—*London Spectator*.

Students' Fun.

Appleton's Journal relates the following anecdotes of college pranks:

A professor, a teacher of German, was once very much disturbed by an unruly bench full of juniors.

At last in his despair, he exclaimed: "That bench will leave the room and will stay outside."

Whereupon the young rascals carried out the bench and left it outside, and blandly returned to other seats.

"No, no," said the professor, "I do not mean that; I mean the young men will go out and the bench will return."

So the young men brought back the bench and sat on it, as though this was all that could reasonably be expected of them.

Another professor, who was the pink of propriety, was sadly disconcerted in the midst of a lecture upon Edmund Spencer, by a dozen rough and sporting characters, who came into the room without knocking, with all manner of dogs to sell.

Finally one man let the cat out of the bag (if we may use such an expression in a dog story), presenting a dirty scrap of paper, which read as follows:

"Wanted, a dog; any breed will answer; highest price paid for mongrel pups. Apply to Professor —, room No. 3, — University. Bring dogs between the hours of 10 and 11."

Another professor, of whom every one was, with reason, well afraid, was in the habit of getting off bright retorts on the delinquent students.

One man, who had, on a certain occasion, stood for half an hour silently anchored to a blackboard, like a horse tied to his manger, was finally accosted as follows:

Well, Mr. Jones, you have stood there for some time. Now, how do you explain your problem?"

Jones, who had no idea of the problem, or of any human interpretation of it, made one deep dive down into the recesses of his memory, and brought up one stray principle.

"Well, sir," he said, "I explain it by the principle that the angle of reflection is equal to the angle of incidence."

"That will do, sir," said the professor, visibly making a round O opposite his name in the class-roll; "if your angle of reflection was only a little less, obtuse we would not have such incidents as these."

On another occasion this same professor said to a student who had blundered terribly through a recitation:

"How far off are you from a fool?"

"I suppose," replied the student, measuring the distance between himself and the professor's table, "about seven feet and a half."

The professor's eyes twinkled as he said:

"It's a pity, sir, you confine your brightness only to your answers!"

Great care has to be taken in eating huckleberries, because nothing pleases a fly so much as to be mistaken for one; and, if he can be baked in a cake and pass himself off on the unwary as a currant, he dies without a regret.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

A beautiful custom prevails in the Ban de la Roche, the parish in which the devoted Oberlin spent fifty-nine years of self-denying labor. At the point in the Sunday service when the Lord's Prayer is repeated by the congregation, the church bells are rung in order to notify the sick and others who are absent, and so enable them to share in this part of the worship.

A man was found dead in a Georgia well, and a local paper rashly conjectures that he either fell or was thrown in.

The Evangelical Union in Scotland is composed of eighty-three churches that do not admit liquor dealers to membership.

It is said that Troy has a

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Contributions and Editorial Correspondence may be sent at the option of the writer, either to H. C. Rider, Editor, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., or to F. L. Saliney, Associate Editor, Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, SEPT. 14, 1876

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

A Table, For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, Sept. 17th. The Psalter for the 17th day of the month.

Morning prayer. 1st Lesson—Deuteronomy XXXIII. 2d Lesson—Matthew XXV.

Evening prayer. 1st Lesson—Deuteronomy XXIV. 2d Lesson—1 Peter I.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Deaf-Mute Service in Mexico.

Mr. A. W. Mann, of Flint, Mich., will hold a service for deaf-mutes in Grace church, in this village, on the 24th inst., at 3:30 p. m. As this is Mr. Mann's first visit in this vicinity, it is confidently hoped that he will meet with a full attendance, and a cordial reception by deaf-mutes of this and surrounding towns. A cordial and hearty invitation to be present on the above occasion is extended to all deaf-mutes who can make it convenient to do so. Other persons than the deaf and dumb will also be welcomed with pleasure. Please remember the date—Sunday, Sept. 24th, at 3:30 p. m.

Our Trip to Albany and Rhinebeck.

Having business at Albany and Rhinebeck, we took the 8:30 A. M. train last Thursday morning, accompanied by our son Louis, who was returning to school at the latter place. Arriving at Albany in due time we were joined by Mrs. Thomas Galland, whose company we enjoyed to Albany. Mr. Benj. H. Wright and his daughter Henrietta, escorted her to the depot. Upon reaching Albany we were met by Dr. Galland. The Dr. and Mrs. Galland went directly to the residence of Dr. Reese, Rector of St. Paul's Church of that city, while ourself and son repaired to a hotel. In the evening Mr. John T. Southwick called on us at the hotel, and we together made a call at Dr. Reese's, and a very pleasant time was passed. The next day, after having transacted our business, we resumed our journey to Rhinebeck, by the 4:20 P. M. train on the Hudson River Railroad. At Rhinebeck station we were met by Albert, a brother of ours, and conveyed to the village about two miles from the depot. The elegant residence of Lewis Rider, the venerated father of the editor of the JOURNAL, furnished our quarters, during our visit in that charming Hudson River town. Our visit was a very pleasant and happy one in every particular. The following day Albert gave us a fine ride over the beautiful roads to the superb residence of the late William Kelly, a few miles distant. The estate embraces about one thousand acres, a portion of which consists of fruit orchards, the greater part being meadow and forest lands, flower, fruit and vegetable gardens. There are also numerous conservatories on the grounds. The avenues and walks throughout the place are magnificently arranged and finely adorned with elaborate borders, and there are many beds of fine and rare flowers. In the green-houses are to be seen precious fruit and specimens of the botanical kingdom. In them were large, blushing peaches and great clusters of purple grapes, grand to behold, but when fully ripe grander to be eaten. After viewing the splendors of the exterior premises, we called at the mansion to see Mrs. William Kelly, whose husband died about three years ago. The residence is built upon an eminence, which furnishes an extended view of charming scenery for many miles in circumference. After a little while we learned that Mrs. Kelly could converse by the manual alphabet, and also that she was cousin of the late Mrs. George Loring, of Boston. The latter lady was formerly known full well to many of our readers, and highly respected and beloved by all her acquaintances. Mrs. Kelly is a very pleasant and agreeable woman and a highly accomplished lady. Rev. Mr. Freeman, who is staying with her, we found to be a gentleman in every respect. Here we learned that Mr. Kelly was one of the Board of Directors of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. After partaking of fruit furnished by Mrs. Kelly, we took leave of our hostess, and intended on this occasion to make a call at the country seat of Mr. Wm. B. Astor, a few miles distant, but dinner hour ap-

proaching, we returned to our father's. Towards evening we were driven to the depot by our sister, Mrs. John O'Brien, in her husband's elegant coach, drawn by his spanking pair of grays. A few minutes later we bade Dr. Galland and wife and the rest of our friends adieu, and were soon off, bound for Albany, on our way home, while Dr. and Mrs. Galland were waiting for the train bound for New York, which was very soon to be due.

We spent the Sabbath in Albany with Mr. Southwick and Mr. Dennis Mahoney, which renders it needless to say that we had a very pleasant time. We paid Miss Mary O'Toole and Mrs. Julia A. Atkins a call, the latter lady being on a visit to the former. We reached home at about 7 o'clock Monday morning, feeling very much rested and invigorated.

Personal.

Mr. Wm. S. Gibbs, of Sodus, N. Y., who went to Rome to place his brother, a deaf-mute aged 11 years, in the Central New York Institution for Deaf-mutes, called at Mexico, on his way home last Friday, visiting among his friends in this place till Monday afternoon. Our friend Gibbs is a carpenter and joiner by trade, and a good workman, industrious, and doing well at his chosen occupation. He is a member of the Union Base Ball Club of Sodus, and is said to be one of the most successful catchers in the club.

The Troy Literary Society.

The Troy Deaf-mute Literary Club was reopened last Saturday evening, after having been closed since May last, John T. Southwick, president, in the chair. Not much business was transacted but proper steps were taken to put the society in order again for the season. Miss Libbie Schutt was unanimously appointed corresponding secretary in place of Wm. T. Collins resigned. We hope she will not hesitate to accept the post thus tendered her as she would give new stimulus to the society, which, under judicious management, is doing the mutes of Albany and Troy much good.

A Visit to the Iowa Institute for the Deaf and Dumb.

Three miles south of the city, at the foot of the bluffs which skirt the Missouri river, stands a monument of the liberality of Iowa in providing for the instruction of a class who are debarred from the privileges of her common schools by reason of the loss of hearing. In this respect she has proved herself not a whit behind her older sister States who have long since made similar provisions on the same liberal scale.

Some years ago the institution was located in Iowa City and a large building rented which for some years answered the purpose. With the rapid increase of the number of applicants for admission its capacity soon became limited. In time the Legislature was appealed to. The response was as it should have been, but the only mistake seems to have been in selecting the location—a point far from the centre of the State, and far from the most populous portion where the majority of deaf-mutes are found. Council Bluffs was selected as the location, the citizens offering a site of ninety acres three miles south of the city for the purpose. The citizens of Des Moines, a more central location, were as eager to secure its location in their city, but the site offered by them contained only ten acres. So the city making the largest, though by no means intrinsically the best, bid got the prize. Hence the large pile of brick representing certain architectural propositions which the traveler discerns in the distance from the window of a palatial "Pullman" while approaching the city over the popular "Burlington Route." Its size will be much greater when the west wing is complete. The architecture is of the plainest description with no attempt at elaborate ornamentation. There is indeed nothing to suggest any thing like a lavish outlay of the people's money in its construction. The whole building will be just suited for the purpose. In its fullest capacity it will offer accommodations for 250 pupils, though at present only 150 can be received.

Your correspondent saw men busily digging the excavations for the new boiler house which will contain all the facilities for generating the steam for heating purposes, for remember the institution is heated by steam.

At a short distance from the east wing stands the building devoted to the industries. For the past year shoemaking and cabinet making have been taught the older boys, who have outside of school about three hours per day of manual labor. The girls have been taught plain and fancy sewing, dressmaking and embroidery.

From the cupola a grand view of Omaha and the surrounding country is obtained. In the dim distance, across the muddy Missouri, is seen a small building—the Nebraska Institution for Deaf-mutes, located about four miles from Omaha. Nowhere in the Union can be found two institutions in so close proximity to each other, and so ill located. However, the subject of removing it to Lincoln, the capital, is seriously agitated.

The Iowa institution is officered as follows:

Superintendent—B. Talbot. Makon—Mrs. M. Swan. Steward—Mr. A. B. Walker. Teachers—Edwin Southwick, Conrad S. Zorbaugh, D. S. Rogers, A. B. I. A. Gillespie, A. M., J. A. Kennedy, A. M., Miss E. Brown, Miss E. I. Israel and Mrs. Helen Gillespie.

The three first-named of the teachers are deaf-mutes. Mr. Rogers is a graduate of the National Deaf-mute College. To him your correspondent is largely indebted for courtesies. Mr. Southwick has been connected with the institution from its inception. Mr. Zorbaugh taught some time at the Ohio Institution.

Long may the school prosper and be a pride and ornament to the State which has wisely made special provision for a class whose lives would be dark and unhappy unilluminated by the rays of knowledge. It is in no sense a charitable enterprise, as the State is in duty bound and obliged to provide the means of education for all youth within her borders; and the deaf and dumb can claim all these privileges as a natural and indisputable right. It is very common to hear all efforts to meet their wants in this direction spoken of as charitable and being dictated by feelings of sympathy, while the true motive is ignored. The eleemosynary element should be expunged from all educational institutions of this nature, and the true motive inculcated everywhere, in the Legislative halls and among the people.—X. Y. Z. in the Adams County Gazette, August 30, 1876.

Mrs. James Edwin Story.

Mrs. James Edwin Story whose death is recorded in another column was born in Euphrata, New York.—She was the daughter of Joshua Getman of that place. She was educated at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. In December, 1869, she was married to James Edwin Story of Cherry Valley. She leaves a husband and one child to mourn her early death. Mrs. Story was most beloved by all who knew her and her loss will be deeply felt by a large circle of friends.—Cherry Valley Gazette, Sept. 1th, 1876.

How He Became Deaf.

If a stranger, passing along the dirty wharves of Plymouth, England, sixty or seventy years ago, had ventured to single out any particular Johnny from the many of that name among the little Devonshire tatterdemalions who played there, and predict a brilliant future for him, he would have done an absurd thing no doubt.

The Johnny I mean was quite as ragged and poor as any of them, and apparently no brighter than the rest. If he were better, it could not have been owing to his home advantages, for his home was actually too poor to keep him. He was sent away at the early age of four years to live with his grandmother, and for six years from that date he was "grandmother's boy."

This good lady, however, was not one of the foolish, indulgent grandmothers, which was well for Johnny, for it saved him from the misfortune of learning to always have his own way. She was herself very poor, but she was a true woman, and taught Johnny to read the Bible to her on Sundays when she could not go to church, making a "pulpit" of chairs for him just to please him.

He soon began to love reading, and when he could earn a few pennies by little services for the barber, or some other neighbor, he spent it all for small books.

When he was ten years old, his hard-working parents took him home. Little time poor Johnny got to look at books then. His father was a mason, and he had to carry bricks and mortar for him. One day, while climbing with a heavy load to the top of a house, his foot slipped on the ladder, and he fell back more than thirty feet, breaking several of his bones, and terribly bruising his head and body.

For weeks he lay helpless barely escaping death at last. But when he recovered he was stone deaf.

What should be done with Johnny now? His father found him of little use to him. Grandmother was dead. Finally Johnny was sent to the work-house.

But, as God would have it, the poor boy made friends in that hard place, and the overseer lent him books, so that he could read out of laboring hours.

In the course of time some visitors at the work-house noticed Johnny, and, astonished at the intelligence and excellence of a lad who had never been to school, undertook to care for him and educate him.

His progress upward was rapid from that day. He remembered the teachings of his pious grandmother, and faithfully served God in all he did.

He became a learned man, traveled in Palestine, and wrote many able and instructive books on the Bible and Bible lands; and all the Christian world read them with delight, and feel thankful that the accident of his boyhood which made him deaf did not make him blind.

Johnny's story furnishes one fine example of the blessing the good Father above loves to bring out of misfortune. That fall from the building was the turning point—the "new departure," so to speak, of the boy's life. If he had never been work-house Johnny, he probably would never have been the celebrated Dr. John Kitto.—You'll be Companion.

Deaf-Mute's Heroism.

About 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon several gentlemen standing on Vine street wharf, witnessed an act which was highly commendable. Thomas Hall, a lad of nine years, having strayed from his parents, was at play upon the wharf mentioned, when his foot slipped and he was precipitated into the strong tide of the Delaware. A deaf-mute named Argus Cornish, an eccentric genius, who does odd jobs along the wharves, and who, an outcast himself, seems to take pleasure in protecting others, and was already saved several lives, although standing with his back to the scene of accident, seemed, as his name implied, to have a hundred eyes. Without any hesitation he stripped off his coat and shoes, and plunging into the water in a short time brought the boy safe to land. Argus' heroism should not be overlooked.—Philadelphia Press.

DIED:

In Cherry Valley, Sept. 1st, 1876, Mary Ann, wife of James Edwin Story, in the 31st year of her age.

The Eclectic.

At this semi-centennial season of Mexico Academy, a brief history of the Eclectic Society may, perhaps, be interesting and opportune—interesting because it has rightfully been called "the strongest literary society that ever existed in Mexico Academy;" opportune because, although historically young in that the society relates to the last decade of this last half century, yet without some record of the Eclectic be now made, when the Academy celebrates its centennial, and even ere that time, all accurate history of the society will have been lost.

In 1865, when Prof. McLaughlin assumed the principality of the Academy, no literary society existed among its students. The Estezonian and Brothers in Unity had, some two years previously, become extinct. Prof. McLaughlin immediately recognized the advantages which would accrue to the Academy and to its students from a well conducted literary society; and therefore instituted a movement among the students for the establishment of such a society. This movement resulted in the organization of the Eclectic upon the 14th of Oct., 1865.

The original members of the society were Prof. McLaughlin, Charles R. Skinner, Eudolphus Taylor, Daniel Hall, Adelbert A. Warner, Linus B. Cobb, Frank Walker, George P. Mains, Thomas Reid, James R. Robinson, and Frank E. Beebe. During the first year of the society's existence its meetings were held in the Principal's room.

The officers of the society served for school term. During the fall term of 1865, Prof. McLaughlin held the office of president. Prof. Conner, now professor of anatomy in the Detroit Medical College, was the presiding officer of the society during the winter term of 1865-6, and also during the spring term of 1866.

Prof. Conner by his individuality and force of character impressed himself strongly upon the students of the Academy. Especially was this the effect of his public and private intercourse with and upon the members of the Eclectic. The writer, with many others, no doubt, who were at this time students of the Academy, feels toward Prof. Conner deep gratitude for having first given to him a high ideal of scholarly manhood.

The records of the meetings of the society during the first year of its existence, and also of the second year, previous to the meeting of Jan. 31st, 1867, have been lost or destroyed. Memory, however, gives the impression that the literary exercises in general and the debates especially were of a high order. The total membership of the society during the year was twenty-four.

At the opening of the fall term of 1866, the Eclectic was reorganized. At this time the teachers of the Academy saw fit to withdraw the personal guardianship thus far given by their attendance upon the meetings of the society. This action deprived the society of their dignified counsels, which had served to moderate acrimonious debate, and to impart directness and order to the proceedings of the society; but at the same time, it removed a ban to perfect freedom of debate, and an obstacle which kept many timid debaters from uniting with the society. A new constitution, modeled closely after the old one, was framed. This instrument gave a high character to the membership of the society by providing that a candidate for admission must receive, if elected a member, the votes of two-thirds of the active members of the society. It changed the term of office of the officers of the society from one school term to one-half school term. At this time a proposition was introduced which provided for the admission of the ladies to the membership of the society, with privileges equal with the gentlemen. In consequence of this proposal, a bitter contest, extending through three regular meetings of the society, arose. The society was well-nigh disorganized. The meetings extended until the early morning hours. Charges and counter-charges of fraud were made. Bitter personalities were used and personal violence threatened. But, as might have been presaged from the fact that the ladies were anxious for admission, and were laboring to secure this result, the doors of the society were thrown wide open to them. In consequence of this action, by means of which a certain fraction of the society had obtained the ascendancy, a secession of a few members followed; but the ladies, by smiles and kind words, soon persuaded the seceders to return to the fold, and again all was peace and harmony; but, be it said to the honor of those who returned, that they, by their lofty bearing and interest in the welfare of the society, soon won over to their side (1) the newly admitted ladies, and the next election of officers completely routed the opposing faction.

The ladies, however, contrary to the predictions of the disaffected, proved themselves a valuable accession to the society. Ofttimes in mixed societies, formed for literary improvement, the cultivation of the social qualities obtains the ascendancy over the development of the reasoning powers; but, to the credit of the lady members of the Eclectic, be it known that they, with a generous spirit of rivalry towards the gentlemen, immediately enlisted themselves in every effort to heighten the character of the literary exercises of the society. At first the ladies engaged in a separate debate from the gentlemen. When the gentlemen debated and decided that "the ladies are in a great measure to blame for the use of tobacco and intoxicating liquors among the gentlemen," the ladies immediately retaliated by conclusively proving that "the gentlemen are in a great degree responsible for the extravagance in dress among the ladies."

The ladies also grappled with vast social problems. They proved that "women shall receive equal wages with men," and that "tracing constellations (with the gentlemen) is beneficial."

For the edification of the ladies, the gentlemen established the proposition that "the married state is preferable to the single." L. L. Virgil and J. J. Everingham supported the affirmative. The former by his course, and, we think, also the latter, has shown that he did believe in the affirmative. The writer, who supported the negative has thus far been able to prove himself a true celibate.

At the opening of the fall term of 1868, the ladies' debate was abolished, and they afterward during the existence of the society actively engaged in the same debate with the gentlemen.

Among the active lady promoters of the interests of the society, may be mentioned Misses Annie Wing, Mary K. Hutchins, Laura Daggett, Mrs. Baker nee Calkins, Mrs. R. Orvis nee Smith, Mrs. Earl Taylor nee Florence Richardson, Mrs. Whipple nee Virgil, Misses Brewster, Gardner, Rosabelle and Mary Myers, Lydia and Minnie Clothier, and Cora Richardson, (Mrs. Davis.)

The president of the society at this time (fall term of 1866,) was Charles R. Skinner. Probably no one member ever did so much to make the Eclectic prosperous and successful. Under his administration, the standard of the literary exercises was raised, ladies were admitted to membership, public lectures were instituted, and a popular lecture course was established. The people of Mexico should ever be grateful to Mr. Skinner, for it was his energy which gave to the citizens of that village the privilege of listening to such lecturers as Anna Dickinson, Rev. Dr. Chapin, Bayard Taylor and Horace Greeley. The profits of the two lecture courses carried on under the direction of Mr. Skinner, and under the auspices of the society, were not distributed among its members, but were devoted to the purchase of books, which were afterwards given to the Academy, and which now form a valuable portion of its library.

In order that the character of the literary exercises of the society may be known, we give the programme of (if we mistake not) the first Public of the society: Oration, H. W. Slack; Declaration, J. R. Robinson; Sent's Debate—C. L. Stone and D. H. Foster, affirmative; H. W. McDonald and W. C. Stone, negative; Recitation, Rosabelle Myers; Poem, Anna Wing; Essays, Mary Myers and H. J. Constock; Select Reading, Mary Manwarren; Ladies Debate, Misses Calkins and Clothier; Eclectic Review, Marion Hall; President's Address, C. R. Skinner. It is just to add that, with the exception of the poem and president's address, this programme is the exact counterpart of the bill of exercises for each private meeting of the society at this time. From the first organization of the Eclectic until the close of the spring term of 1871, the society appears to have generally been in a prosperous condition.

At the opening of the fall term of 1871, the society was reorganized with a new constitution. This instrument, although differing but little in its provisions from the former constitution, was much more loosely drawn. At this time the society committed the fatal mistake of making the initiation fee "for females 10 cents," "for males 25 cents."

The society soon began to decline; either "the females" at this price of admission did not appreciate the benefits to be derived from the Eclectic, or on account of this low fee overran the society and completely smothered its energies.

During the winters of 71-2 and 73-4, the regular meetings of the society were suspended. Finally, upon the 10th of Nov., 1874, under the presidency of Prof. L. H. Cocaigne, the Eclectic ceased to exist.

The following is a list of the presidents of the society, together with the time and term of their service:

Prof. W. McLaughlin, fall term, 1865; Prof. Leartus Connor, winter term, 1865-6; Prof. Leartus Connor, spring term, 1866; Charles R. Skinner, 1st and 2d half fall term, 1866; Chas. L. Stone, 1st half winter term, 1866-7; Charles R. Skinner, 2d half winter term, 1866-7; Charles L. Stone, 1st half spring term, 1867; Walter C. Stone, 2d half spring term, 1867; H. M. McDonald, 1st and 2d half fall term, 1867; L. Virgil, 1st and 2d half winter term, 1867-8; Charles A. Piddock, 1st and 2d half spring term, 1868; John Whyborn, 1st half fall term, 1868; Caleb Whipple, 2d half fall term, 1868; Lewis Webber, 1st half winter term, 1868-9; Horace F. Henderson, 2d half winter term, 1868-9; John L. Moore, 1st and 2d half spring term, 1869; H. F. Henderson, 1st half fall term, 1869; D. S. Kellicott, 2d half fall term, 1869; L. L. Virgil, 1st half winter term, 1869-70; L. G. Tilton, 2d half winter term, 1869-70; L. L. Virgil, 1st half spring term, 1870; H. F. Henderson, 2d half spring term, 1870; W. M. Brown, 1st half fall term, 1870; Fred. Everts, 2d half fall term, 1870. W. M. Brown, 1st half winter term, 1870-71; J. M. Slayton, 2d half winter term, 1870-71; J. M. Rulison, 1st half spring term, 1871; E. S. Rulison, 2d half spring term, 1871; E. S. Rulison, 1st and 2d half fall term, 1871; N. H. Curtis, 1st half spring term, 1872; Myron Collins, 1st and 2d half fall term, 1872; George Myers, 1st and 2d half spring term, 1873; G. F. Wright, 1st and 2d half fall term, 1873; W. H. Loomis, 1st and 2d half spring term, 1874; E. A. Tubbs, 1st half fall term, 1874; Prof. J. H. Cocaigne, 2d half fall term, 1874.

Some few members of the Eclectic have already attained distinction. We might mention Charles R. Skinner, Republican nominee for the next Assembly; Charles L. Stone, V. S. Stone, Maurice L. Wright, George W. Bradner, Rockwell Brown, C. C. Brown, and Walter C. Brown, Counsellors at Law; James R. Robinson, Judson Coit, Hiram W. Slack, J. L. Moore, Leartus Connor, D. S. Kellicott, S. W. Eddy, Louis Webber, professors either in schools or colleges; W. C. Stone, editor of W. O. Purington, and G. P. Mains, clergymen.

Death has already invaded our ranks. J. E. Degroff, Frank Beebe, O. A. Severance, John Thomas, Elsie Berry, Lola H. Hartson, N. D. Severance, Libbie Tinkner, Emma Gardner, and Nellie Brewster,

all of whom gave promise of lives of usefulness, have passed away. We trust that they who have gone before, together with every member of the Eclectic, will, in the fullness of time, completely realize the old Eclectic motto, "Unus amore, more, ore, re."—One in love, one in custom, one in countenance, one in reality. H. M. McD.

Democratic County Convention.

The Democratic County Convention was held at Empire Hall, in this village, on Saturday last. The Convention was large, all the towns being represented. Two delegations appeared from the town of Scriba, and there were also contestants from Oswego town and the 7th ward of Oswego city.

The following was the permanent organization:

President, C. W. Avery; Vice-Presidents, Philo Wheeler, Crawford Getman, Avery Skinner; Secretaries, Geo. H. Goodwin, W. C. Stevens, Geo. H. Hanchett, J. K. Lynch, I. T. Smith, H. H. Potter.

The following nominations were made: For County Clerk—Washington T. Henderson, of Oswego.

For Justice of Sessions—Melville F. Stevens, of Granby.

For Coroners—J. W. Mooney, of Oswego; J. E. Hamill, of Schroepel, Jessa W. Cross, of Richland.

The following were reported as the County Committee for the ensuing year: First district, W. A. Poucher, Oswego; P. Grace, Oswego; R. A. Clark, Oswego town; Second district, D. L. Wood, Hastings; Richard Carter, Constantia; F. A. Church, Palermo; Third district, J. A. Clark, Richland; H. E. Root, Sandy Creek; G. W. Ludington, Parish.

The Committee reported the following organization: Chairman, W. A. Poucher; Secretary and Treasurer, R. A. Clark; Executive and Finance Committee, P. Grace, David L. Wood, Jas. A. Clark.

The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we, the representatives of the Democracy of Oswego county, in convention assembled, do hereby heartily endorse the nomination of Samuel J. Tilden and Thomas A. Hendricks as President and Vice-President of the United States; that we recognize in their nomination the proclaimed purpose of the Democratic party to inaugurate a policy of reform and retrenchment in the Government, to the end that the burdens of taxation may be lightened and the languishing pulse of business revived; that we pledge to the nominees of the St. Louis convention the united and vigorous support of the Democracy of Oswego county.

Resolved, That we accept, ratify and adopt as our political faith the principles enunciated in the platform of the St. Louis and Chicago conventions, and that this faith shall be vitalized by our works in the great contest now begun.

Resolved, That the Democratic party of Oswego county represented in this convention heartily enters its determined protest against the disfranchisement of the Democratic party of the First Assembly District in the exclusion of their rightful delegates from the late Saratoga convention, at the instigation and with the connivance of Daniel Magone, Jr., and Sydney T. Fairchild, by means of which Sydney T. Fairchild was placed upon the State Committee in opposition to the wishes of the Democratic party of this congressional district; and we cite as further evidence of the wrong done to the Democratic party of Oswego county the placing upon an important committee of the said State convention a man whose claim to a seat in the convention was contested and had not been settled by the committee on credentials; and that, in the opinion of this convention, representing eight thousand democrats of Oswego county, such proceedings are productive of discord at a time when the interests of the party require harmony, and are calculated to dishearten and distract when we need the earnest co-operation of every democrat in this great struggle for the supremacy of democratic principles.

Resolved, That the County Committee be authorized and required to make such changes in the basis of representation in towns as shall in their judgment render it more nearly equal and impartial, but no town or ward to have less than five delegates.

Resolved, That this Convention desires to recognize the eminent services to the Democracy of Dr. G. A. Dayton, who has for many years ably and faithfully filled the office of Chairman of the County Corresponding Committee; that we remember with pride his administration of the office of Auditor of the Canal Department, and his record as a leading member of the State Central Committee, and that we unite in an earnest desire for his speedy restoration to health, and to a long life of continued usefulness and honor. Unanimously adopted.

The following are some of the town committees:

Richland—D. A. King, John W. Shea, Frank S. Low.

Mexico—S. R. Spooner, Joseph Simons, Jacob Brown.

Oswell—G. F. Woodbury, J. M. Potter, C. E. Allen.

Hastings—N. W. Bates.

Palermo—F. C. Church, John Pilling, J. F. Getman.

Ladies who for years have depended on all manner of powders and cosmetics for giving them artificial complexions, now find that GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP supplies them with purely skins and rosy cheeks, elicited by the gentle stimulation of nature. "Sold everywhere."

—Last week Thursday, Union Cheese Factory, of this village, sold 346 boxes of July cheese and 458 of August make at 10 1/2 cts. per lb.

Women's Pluck.

Among other strange events which mark the "Centennial" year is a pedestrian excursion from Colosse to Mexico. The party was composed of three young ladies from Brooklyn. The thought and plan were devised from the following incident:

It seems that a gentleman who knew neither woman's courage nor her will, provoked their minds and incited them to the attempt by remarking their incompetency for such a task. Incited by men's sarcasms and by their own ambition, they resolved to show their pluck. The journey successfully made, gained for them not only a glorious satisfaction, but a lasting reputation for their resolute and enduring courage. This is another test of woman's will combined with energy—an example of "what woman can do."

Com.

Republican Committees.

Following are some of the members of the Republican County Committee:

Allison—W. W. Thorpe. Amboy—J. D. Wilson. Hastings—B. Kenyon. Mexico—H. C. Peck. New Haven—H. J. Daggett. Oswell—A. Potter. Palermo—S. R. Smith. Richland—N. B. Smith. Williamstown—John F. Morse.

Following are some of the Republican Town Committees:

Albion—Byron Helme, C. Campbell, J. R. Mason.

Amboy—D. J. Wilson, H. L. Joslyn.

Hastings—D. D. Drake, James Dutcher, F. F. Allen, J. Mallory, N. A. Clute.

Mexico—S. L. Alexander, W. A. Robbins, A. L. Sampson.

New Haven—H. B. Allen, A. F. Rowe, D. L. Nichols.

Oswell—R. W. Sawyer, G. W. Nelson, J. S. Platt.

Palermo—Fitch Lansing, D. Tremble, A. Ingersoll.

Parish—A. Rulison, C. D. Barney, H. A. Davis.

Redfield—D. Halberd, A. G. Sexton, S. P. Farn.

Richland—W. P. Outerson, G. W. Fuller, A. A. Maltby, Geo. Edick, H. J. Trumble.

Sandy Creek Fair.

Through the kindness of Mr. G. N. Harding, the gentlemanly Secretary of the Association, we received a "complimentary" to the Fair, of which we availed ourselves, and put in an appearance on Friday. Although we went "the last day in the afternoon," we had a good time, and were well pleased with the general appearance of the grounds and the various halls. In the Floral Hall, besides the usual display of bed quilts, carpets, &c., we noticed some fine pictures; in fact, the display of pictures was a very good one, particularly those in India ink. We did not learn the names of the exhibitors. The display of fancy work was fine; noticeable among it was a beautiful sofa pillow, glove box, and hair receiver, the work of Miss Etie Davis, of Oswell. An embroidered chair also caught our attention, as we rather rapidly made the circuit of the hall. The lady show we missed, but saw the prize baby, and from that

To Jacques Loew, of Vienna, Austria, AFTER READING THAT HE WAS VISITING IN AMERICA.

Welcome! thrice welcome to our favored land,
Illustrations stranger, through whose ears no
sound,
However sweet or thrilling, loud or grand,
Enters to break the silence, most profound,
In which thy mind has dwelt through all
the years,
It has been capable of hopes and fears.

Thrice welcome thou, whose lips could form no
speech,
Until the will, the brave, ambitious will;
Determined nature it would ever reach
Low at the foot of Difficulty's Hill,
Vowed, nothing daunted by its height, I
press
Up to the pinnacle of proud success.

Welcome, thrice welcome! as a brilliant proof,
That earnest effort is not thrown away,
That if we rightly prize life's curious way,
And weave our web with care from day to day,
Our rich reward will sometime surely be
A fabric, from defects, wonderfully free.

Welcome as teacher of the sacred truth,
That diligence in business often brings,
Men, even in their days of early youth,
Into the presence of earth's mightiest kings;
Engraves in golden characters their name,
And crowns them with the laurel wreath of fame.

Welcome great heart, that never seems to own
A brother, though his garb be poor or plain,
That, though it never hears an anguished moan,
Deems it a joy to lessen care and pain,
And prove, when men are bordering on de-
spair,
That God doth kindly hear and answer
prayer.

Welcome, and if it please thee, tarry long,
For we have need of spirits such as thine,—
To aid us in our struggles against wrong,
And teach us never idly to repine,
E'en though we bear a very heavy cross,
And sound low depths of sorrow and of loss.

Welcome! and may the God who guided thee,
Across the pathless ocean to our shore,
Thy Friend, thy Guide, and loving Guardian be,
Giving thee back, redoubled o'er and o'er—
Thy beauty; and when life's full span is run,
May angel hosts sing thee His pleased will
done.

Illinois, Sept., 1876.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Death of Mrs. J. E. Story.

MR. EDITOR:—It is only a few weeks
since there appeared in your columns an
account of a service in Cherry Valley,
N. Y., by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, for the
deaf-mutes of Oswego and surrounding
counties. In that account mention was
made of Mrs. Jas. Edwin Story having
received the Holy Communion at the
hands of her former instructor, Dr. Cal-
laudet.

Now we are called upon to record her
death. We leave to other and more
fitting hands the task, or rather pleas-
ure, of recording her life. But a notice
of her funeral may not be out of place.
She died on Friday, Sept. 1st. Thus,
after a period of great suffering, which
brought not a murmur to her lips, she
passed quietly and peacefully away to
her rest. She was buried on Sunday,
the 3d inst., from the residence of her
husband, Rev. J. H. H. DeMille reading
the beautiful service of the Protestant
Episcopal Church.

After the resurrection chapter of
1 Cor. was read, a short anthem—"Come
Ye Disconsolate"—was sung, without
instrumental accompaniment, by two la-
dies of the village, who thus kindly con-
sented to lend their assistance to the
solemn service. At its conclusion, Rev.
Mr. DeMille made a few remarks which,
though extempore, we have endeavored
to give as best we can from notes made
at the time of their delivery.

"There is no one who has undertaken
to study the Bible, but has discovered
that a casual glance given to any passage
does not reveal all the beauties which
it contains. The longer we dwell on any
passage, the greater are the beauties that
develop themselves. We cannot take in
at once what really is revealed. And
what is true of the Bible is true of
everything in nature. A glance at one
of these rose-buds (two superb crosses
of flowers had been sent in by friends),
reveals not the grandeur of the full-blown
rose. The bud, enclosed in its green
coating, grows on and on. We watch it
and nourish it till at last there bursts on
our astonished gaze the wondrous flower,
with a beauty we saw not at our first
glance.

"It was some such thought as this
which led us to associate one of the last
prayers of our departed friend. For
some time previous to her passing away
her thoughts had naturally turned toward
those two dear ones, whom she knew
she was so soon to leave behind, and she
often prayed that God would 'show her
what was best for them.' God in His
merciful Providence vouchsafed a kind
reply, and she described the growing an-
swer to her prayer as 'All bright, all
bright.' Thus the nearer she approached
the bounds of life, the more she was
enabled to grasp the beauties lying beyond.

"By this prayer and its answer the pro-
phetic words of the Psalmist were forcibly
brought to mind, 'Thou shalt show me
the path of life; in thy presence in the
fullness of joy, and at thy right hand
there is pleasure forevermore.'

It will be remembered that this
psalm is prophetic of Messiah's 'going
down into hell,' as every creed expresses
it. For the previous verse as applied to
the Messiah by St. Peter is, 'Thou shalt
not leave my soul in hell; neither shalt
thou suffer thy Holy One to see corrup-
tion.' The Psalmist's words had been
her prayer, and she had been shown 'the
path of life.'

I said in the beginning that a casual
reading of the Holy Scriptures does not
always give us the full scope of what we
read; and so it is here.

True life is not here below. Living
only begins when we have passed from
earth. We, now gathered here, know
nothing of life; who has started on the
path. Our duty is so to live that when

our time shall come to take that path,
we shall find in His presence the fullness
of joy, and pleasures forevermore.

But what are the feelings which crowd
upon us as we approach that path. Here,
we are surrounded by our nearest and
dearest friends; but we must die alone.
How terrible is this thought if taken by
itself. None of all the loved ones to
go with us on this untrodden path. How
bitter thus, the parting! Yet that path
of life is 'All bright, all bright.'

One of England's best poets, (Rev.
Frederick W. Faber, of the Roman Cath-
olic Church,) gives language to the
thought in these words:

Alone I to land alone upon that shore!
With no one sight that we have seen before,
Things of a different hue,
And the sounds all new,
And fragrance so sweet the soul may faint,
Alone! Oh, that first hour of being a saint!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
On which no wavelets leap, no billows roar;
Perhaps no shape of ground,
Perhaps no sight or sound,
No forms of earth or fancies to arrange,—
But to begin alone that mighty change!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
Knowing so well we can return no more;
No voice or face of friend,
None with us to attend
Our disembarking on that awful strand,
But to arrive alone in such a land!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
To begin alone to live forever more,
To have no one to teach
The manners or the speech
Of that new life, or put us at our ease;
Oh, that we might die in pairs or companies.

Alone! the God we know is an that shore,
The God of whose attractions we know more,
Than of those who may appear
Nearest and dearest here;
Oh, is He not the life-long Friend we know,
More privately than any friend below?

Alone! the God we trust is on that shore,
The Faithful One whom we have trusted more
In trials and in woes,
Than we have trusted those,
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife,
Oh, we shall trust Him more in that new life!

Alone! the God we love is on that shore,
Love not enough, yet whom we love far more,
And whom we loved all through,
And with a love more true
Than other loves—yet now shall love Him
more;

True love of Him begins upon that shore!

So not alone we land upon that shore;
'Twill be as though we had been there before;
We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below;
And find our rest like some returning dove,
And be at home at once with our Eternal love!

Criticism and Suggestions.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In your issue of
August 3d, you gave, under the title,
"Letters from the People," several arti-
cles taken from July numbers of the
Chicago Tribune. These articles repre-
sent that there are in the city of Chicago,
"Several hundred people who cannot
speak a word," and that "they have a
society for mutual instruction and social
enjoyment composed of more than 100
members," and that "about forty are
provided for in one of the public schools
and are taught by Prof. P. A. Emory."

Further on we read that "sixty-five
pupils went from Chicago to the Jack-
sonville Institution last year."

No doubt people outside of the city
after reading these articles, soliloquized:
"What a sadly afflicted city to have so
many unfortunate ones in its population."
But we who have lived in the city are
not a bit agitated, believing that the
facts will not support the figures.

We will begin our corrections with
the "sixty-five" statement. Dr. P. G.
Gillett, Superintendent of the Jack-
sonville Institution, has said: "Forty
pupils were in attendance there from Cook
county last year, some of whom lived
outside of the city."

The teacher of the Chicago Deaf-mute
School has repeatedly told his friends
that his average attendance was 16 or 17.
If there are "over" 100 members in
the society, are they all of the male
persuasion, or how did it happen that
there were only three ladies in attendance
when Mr. A. W. Mann held his last
service in the city? But there never
were a hundred members in the society,
nor will there be that many for a long
while to come. If the word of the so-
ciety's president can be relied upon, and
I believe it can, there never were even
thirty-five members, and I believe he
told me in July that there were twenty-
nine.

If there really are several hundred
mutes in the city, are the majority of
them young children? But even if but
one-fourth of the several hundred are
adults, we ask in all candor, are those
who compose that one-fourth infidels or
only Christians in name, or what is the
reason that so few attended the services
which Dr. Gallaudet traveled so far to
organize, and which Mr. Mann continues
to carry on in the face of inconveniences
which would dishearten many a man
possessed of all his senses? We know
from personal connection with the society
that there are a goodly number of
isms represented among its members, and
it is natural and proper enough that
there should be; but we are confident
that whatever denomination they may
like best, they cannot but derive benefit
from Mr. Mann's sermons, if they will
but try.

It seems to me that if from no other
motive than that of gratitude, the ser-
vices of the Church Mission to Deaf-
mutes, wherever held, ought to be at-
tended by every muto who can reach
them. Think for a moment, you who es-
teem these services lightly. The Epis-
copal Church is the only one that has
reached out the missionary hand to you.
Other churches send out their home and
foreign missionaries, but none propose a
church mission to us, who, without re-
ligious instruction would not be many
degrees better than the heathen. Thanks

to God who cares for the souls of all his
children; Dr. Gallaudet, a few years ago,
awakened some members of the Episco-
pal Church to an apprehension of our
needs, and the result of his labor and
their liberality is the Church Mission to
Deaf-mutes. The very fact of the Mis-
sion's prosperity is proof patent that God
smiles upon it, and since He approves
dare we nurse our sectarianism and refuse
to partake of "the sincere milk of the
word" because it is not offered to us in
our ancestral church dish? Or shall we
refuse to entertain the missionary, or
contribute our mite towards his support
merely because he is an Episcopalian and
we are something else? God forbid.

In religion, as in business or pleasure,
when we cannot do the best, we must
do the next best, or, to put the idea in
different words, when we cannot worship
God in the manner or place which best
suits our devotional notions, we must
worship Him in the best place or man-
ner which appears, since it is our im-
perative duty and high privilege to wor-
ship Him in some way.

Although I have been a Methodist all
my life, and am strongly attached to
Methodist usages, I am persuaded that
Dr. G. is right when he says, "The Epis-
copal mode of worship seems best adapted
to the deaf and dumb." Talking
with a deaf friend upon the subject of
mute worship recently he said: "My
father's oldest brother was an Episcopalian
minister, and he, my aunt and cousin
used to urge me to worship with them,
arguing that I would derive more profit
from their service than from others.
This was years before Dr. Gallaudet be-
gan the Church Mission work."

If any one objects that there is too
much repetition or not enough variety in
the service, we answer mutes as a class
are prone to give serious things too little
thought, and to rush from one subject to
another, and therefore need "line upon
line, and precept upon precept," over
and over again. In the Epis-
copal Church service the lessons are so
classified and arranged that they become
fixed in the mind more firmly than would
a more desultory course do it. We are
thus enabled to understand them better,
the result being proportionately beneficial.
Then the hymns and prayers that go
with each lesson—how expressive, elo-
quent and beautiful they are.

Having written thus far, I laid down
my pen and took up a small edition of
the Book of Common Prayer, which a
devoted young Episcopalian lady presented
to my sister some months ago, and which
I had never looked upon favorably, be-
cause I felt that although the Episcopal
mode of worship might do for me, my
sister had better serve God in the Church
most dear to our parents.

Opening the book at random the first
thing my eyes fell upon was the "collect"
for the first Sunday after Easter. Care-
fully I read the brief petition, and all
prejudice against printed prayers vanish-
ed away. Who can object to the senti-
ments contained in that prayer? For none
of the good gifts God has given us, have we
more cause for perpetual thanksgiving
than for the gift of His dear Son, Jesus
Christ; and for nothing have we more
cause to pray without ceasing, than for
grace "to put away the leaven of malice
and wickedness." Turning from the
prayer, the 62d hymn lay before me.
When a child I used to have it sung,
never thinking that long before I had
seen a score of summers I should be deaf
to all sound, and that the Savior whose
praises the words repeat, would be so
precious to my tried soul that I could
never sufficiently emphasize the last
verse.

"In union is strength," is a truism
universally acknowledged by religious as
well as by political organizations, and no
class of people have greater need to live
in unity, love and peace than have the
deaf and dumb; because of no class can
it be more truthfully said, "The rich and
poor meet together; the Lord is the
Maker of them all."

Again no class have greater need to
be steadily truthful, honest, virtuous and
honorable than ours, for scattered around
as we are in small neighborhoods or com-
munities, the many unknown, are liable
to be judged by the few who are known.
That is, if one in a community is good,
people who know that one will acquire
a feeling of respect for those similarly
afflicted, and when they meet them will
treat them accordingly. On the other
hand, if one is known to be dishonest
or unworthy in any way, others will be
looked upon with suspicion.

A true Christian life is the strongest
argument in favor of any religious sys-
tem, and although our parents and friends
may at first be reluctant to have us
strike off by ourselves to worship in a
way they do not like, if we prove by
our daily practices that we are benefited
by the service, they will in time ap-
preciate its peculiar adaptability, and casting
away old prejudices will bid the Church
Mission God speed with means as well
as with words. When the woman of
Samaria met Jesus at the well near Sy-
char, and asked him about the proper
place of worship—whether it were upon
the mountain, where the fathers had
worshipped, or in the temple at Jerusa-
lem, He designated neither place, but
said: "The hour cometh, and now is,
when the true worshippers shall worship
the Father in spirit and in truth; for
the Father seeketh such to worship him.
God is a spirit; and they that worship
him, must worship him in spirit and in
truth."

Let us ever bear these words in mind.
Let us put away our jealousies and heart
burnings and go on unto perfection;
then when our life's mission is ended, and
we must pass "through the valley of the
shadow of death," we shall "fear no evil,"
but like a mute lady, who is now very
near the spirit world, can say triumph-
antly, "O death, where is thy sting? O
grave, where is thy victory?"

ANGIE A. FULLER.

Savannah, Ill., Sept. 6, 1876.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Packer and fam-
ily, of Ilion, are visiting in town.

Correction.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—With your gra-
cious permission, I would call the atten-
tion of the readers of my last article to
an error made by the printer, which I
have noticed. It occurs in a paragraph
thus: "Many accomplished and efficient
young mutes, who would otherwise take
pleasure in devoting their time and tal-
ents to their fellow unfortunates, in con-
sequence of the low wages, would be pre-
vented from entering the profession.
Notwithstanding should have been where
the italicized words are; thus, "Not-
withstanding the low wages."

Respectfully,
NATHANIEL BUMPO.

Tilden and Hendrick's Secret Campaign Association.

The readers of the JOURNAL will, per-
haps, have noticed an article lately pub-
lished in its columns, entitled "A Brook-
lyn Deaf-mute Hayes and Wheeler Cam-
paign Club." New York is never behind-
hand, and now asserts herself in the
"Tilden and Hendricks Secret Campaign
Association." This association whose
members are all deaf-mutes, was formed
a few evenings since, and has as its great
advantage over the Brooklyn Club—its
members are all officers.

The Secretary of the Brooklyn Club,
may boast as much as he pleases about his
being "boss" of the first deaf-mute political
club ever established, but his glory wanes
when placed by the side of his New
York rivals. True, we have not so many
numbers (500) as our Brooklyn opponent,
but there is more brain capital in each
one of our adherents than in all the
Brooklyn Club combined.

We have not yet received a letter of
congratulation from Gov. Tilden, but
expect one in a few days.

The secretary of the Brooklyn Cam-
paign Club omits to mention that only a
few of its members have attained vot-
ing age. We would suggest that it would
be better if he told us less about himself,
and more about the members and affairs
of the club. We hope that no "puffs"
to mislead the silent readers will be
inserted in this great organ, THE DEAF-
MUTES' JOURNAL, whose rays brighten
the path and direct the ways of those
for whom it is designed. RED INK.

New York, Sept. 7th, 1876.

[The JOURNAL is not a political paper,
but an independent newspaper for deaf-
mutes. While we always desire all items
of news relating to the deaf, we stud-
iously avoid admitting political discus-
sions and comparisons to these columns.
However, we have inserted the above,
believing that while we had published
an account of the Hayes and Wheeler
Club, it was no more than right that
the other side should be heard, but we
hope to receive no further discussions
upon the subject, as we have a large
waste-paper basket.—ED. JOURNAL.]

PARIS.

The Grange picnic at Pleasant Point
was really a grand affair. The oration
of Farmer Thompson was one of the
most splendid efforts of eloquence, facts
and elegance that one is permitted to
hear in a life-time. He demonstrated
the fact that a farmer can wield the same
scepter that Demosthenes and Cicero
did in ancient times, and Clay and Web-
ster in modern times. Organization and
Co-operation were his motives for farm-
ers, and upon this was his only success.
Farmers do not wish to act antagonis-
tically to other callings, but they are fast
finding out that other vocations are an-
tagonizing themselves against them and
so controlling matters as to impose
great burdens upon them, without a cor-
responding benefit. The legislation of
our country, generally under the super-
vision of lawyers, bankers and railroad
men, is becoming oppressive, and these
men by some hook or crook, generally
dictate the nominations, manufacture
false issues, dispense money, make
promises, and see to it that farmers get
no office.

Politicians and professional men were
notoriously absent from this picnic. On-
ly two professional men present—Rev.
Mr. Manson and Dr. Whitaker, of New
Haven, who, we are happy to learn, are
in harmony with the farmers. Why this
absence of professional men is the nat-
ural inquiry of farmers, when they
could have heard one of the greatest or-
ators in the land.

Our town picnic, last Saturday, in
McClaymond's grove, was, indeed, a hap-
py event for our town. It was an ex-
cellent town banquet of love and affec-
tion. Everybody said we had a good
time. A brief history of the town was
read. It will be published. Mr. Asahel
Coan, an intelligent farmer of our
town, read an essay of his own
composition on Health and Happiness.
It was full of thought, and it even would
do honor to any of our professions had
it been an emanation from them, but we
are proud it is an emanation from a
farmer's brain. Professor Stuart, of
South Carolina, a bronzed American,
entertained the audience with some in-
teresting remarks, comparing our society
with the South. He kept the audience
in smiles. He impressed upon the young-
er portion the importance of
forming a good character. He told them
not to be fearful to use those little mono-
syllables, yes and no, for the proper use
of them is the most important feature of
character. The Colosse Band discoursed
excellent music. A town association
was formed to meet yearly for pleasure
and profit, which all towns would do
well to imitate.

Paarish, Sept. 11th, 1876.

—Among those in town on Saturday
were Mr. Goodrich, of the Oswego Times,
Mr. Holroyd, of the Palladium, and W.
E. Williams, of the Fulton Times, with
each of whom we had a very pleasant
chat.

A Pleasant and Picturesque Route to the Centennial.

Since our return from the Centen-
nial we have often been asked, "What
route did you take?" We went from
here to Oswego; thence to Sterling
Junction by the Lake Shore road; thence
to Sayre, Pa., by the Southern Central
road; thence over the Lehigh Valley
road to Bethlehem, Pa., and from that
point to Philadelphia by the Northern
Pennsylvania road.

We alluded to the Lake Shore road in
our last issue, and will here again say
that its management is excellent and its
employes courteous and attentive to all.
The Southern Central (of which Jas.
G. Knapp, of Auburn, is Superintendent)
is admirably equipped, and passes
through one of the finest agricultural
sections of this State. It follows the
Oswego lake for a long distance, which
adds much to the interest of the ride.
The road is well managed, the cars are
neat and comfortable, and if all the em-
ployes are as courteous and obliging as
Conductor W. B. Burgett, we wonder
not that it is so popular with the travel-
ing public.

The scenery on portions of the Lehigh
Valley road is exceedingly picturesque
and beautiful, and that at Mauch Chunk
is grand beyond description, and equals
much that we have seen in Switzerland.
Our party halted for about twenty-four
hours at Mauch Chunk, and visited Glen
Onoko, and took a trip on the famous
Switch-back railroad, which was one of
the most interesting and thrilling we
ever enjoyed.

If on your way to the Centennial, you
stop at Mauch Chunk (and we advise
you to do so for a few hours at least),
you will do well to "put up" at the Man-
sion House, whose proprietor—Mr.
Booth—does everything possible for the
comfort of his guests.

At Bethlehem the Lehigh Valley
road connects with the Northern Penn-
sylvania, which passes through a rich
and beautiful region of country. Its cars
are handsome and commodious, and its
employes gentlemanly and obliging.

Our excursionists are indebted to the
railroad companies above mentioned,
for passes over their lines. The Lehigh
Valley R.R. Company generously furn-
ished us with a special train, and put it in
charge of Conductor Parks, through
whose great affability and kindness the
pleasure of the trip was greatly en-
hanced.

Special Excursion to Philadelphia.

FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP INCLUDING
LODGINGS WHILE IN PHILADELPHIA
\$10.

A special train for Philadelphia will
leave the Midland Depot at Oswego,
Monday, Sept. 18th, at 12:30 p. m., con-
sisting of first class passenger coaches
and run through to Philadelphia, arriv-
ing at the Centennial grounds in time for
breakfast early Tuesday morning.

Returning, the train will leave the
Centennial depot in Philadelphia at 4:45
p. m. of Friday the 22d, arriving at Os-
wego at noon of Saturday, Sept. 23d.

While in Philadelphia the party will
be lodged at the Channing House on Pine
street, about 15 minutes walk from the
Centennial grounds. Street cars for the
grounds pass the door. This hotel, located
in the handsomest part of West Philadel-
phia—is built of brick and stone with
every modern convenience. Its build-
ings and furniture are entirely new with
accommodation for 700 guests.

Agents will be on the train to conduct
the party to their rooms at the Channing
House, and those desiring can purchase
of them meal tickets entitling the holder
to breakfast and supper at \$1 per day.
Parties holding room or meal tickets
at the Channing House desiring to leave
before the expiration of the fourth day
may surrender their tickets and the un-
used portion will be refunded, less 10 per
cent.

Meals can be procured at moderate
prices on the Centennial grounds and the
numerous eating houses adjacent thereto.
McNeill's Restaurant within the Cen-
tennial grounds, furnish breakfast, din-
ner and supper, at 25 cents each. Out-
side the grounds may be found restau-
rants with comparatively reasonable
charges.

Parties may provide themselves as far
as they desire with refreshments before
leaving home. By thus doing the round
trip can be made for \$10.00 plus the en-
trance fees, half a dollar per day.

Those who prefer to make their own
arrangements for lodging will be pro-
vided with passage tickets to Philadelphia
and return at \$2.00 less than the adver-
tised rates.

Tickets will be good on any train of
the Pennsylvania R.R. from Philadelphia
to New York, on or between the dates
above mentioned. Those availing them-
selves of this privilege can join the re-
turning special train at the Jersey City
Depot on the Pennsylvania R.R., at 7
o'clock p. m. Friday, Sept. 22d.

Tickets can be procured of the Agents
of the Midland R.R. and as the number
sold will correspond to the seats pro-
vided, it is important that all proposing to
make this trip, should purchase their
tickets at an early date. For further in-
formation and for tickets address or ap-
ply to

G. R. SALISBURY,
Midland R.R. Depot,
Oswego, N. Y.

The managers of the road guarantee
that the number of persons in each car
under any circumstance will be limited
to its seating capacity, and every effort
will be made to secure the comfort of the
passengers.

WM. H. WEED,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
N. Y. & O. Midland R. R.

A FAIR DANCE—will be held at Wor-
den's Hotel, Colosse, Wednesday evening
Sept. 13th, 1876. Good music in atten-
dance. Tickets, \$2.00.

S. WORDEN, Pro.

BRIEFS.

Several communications are crowd-
ed out of this week's issue.

—Mrs. Myron Everts, Ed. Everts, and
George Mathews, started for the Centen-
nial on Wednesday of last week.

—E. P. Stevens has just had a new
house erected on Main St. His father
built it, and of course it is well done.
—The other day while passing through
the Woman's Pavilion at the Centennial
we saw some very fine lace, the handi-
work of Miss Minnie Clothier, formerly
of this village.

—We are glad to state that a most
miserable and wicked scandal recently
set afloat regarding parties at the Thous-
and Island Park, is denounced by Chan-
cellor Haven and others of equally good
authority, as entirely without founda-
tion.

—A meeting will be held in behalf of
the Sabbath-school cause, at the Texas
church, next Sunday, at 2 o'clock p. m.
One or two Sunday-school workers from
Mexico will take part in the meeting,
and it is hoped there will be a large at-
tendance.

—Among those whom we met at the
Centennial were Mr. and Mrs. John Bur-
rows and their two daughters, Ada and
Sarah. They were all well, and looking
forward to the time when they should
again become residents of Mexico. Their
many friends will be glad when that
time arrives.

—We are indebted to Mr. Amos You-
mans, the Secretary of the society, for a
complimentary to the Oswego Falls Fair,
which occurs at Oswego Falls, Sept. 19,
20, 21, and 22. We appreciate the kind-
ness, and hope the clerk of the weather
will be gracious to them and make every
thing serene and pleasant.

—We learn that quite a large num-
ber of our townsmen purpose going to
the Centennial by the Midland Excur-
sion train, which is to start from Os-
wego next Monday, particulars of which
will be found on our second page. It
is guaranteed that the cars shall not be
overcrowded.

—Last Saturday, Miss Gertrude Stone
started for Packard Institute, Brooklyn,
where she will spend some time. She
will be greatly missed in the pleasant
home which she helped to make so invit-
ing, by her many friends, and in the
church and Sunday-school. We hope her
school days in Brooklyn will be as pleas-
ant and her efforts be crowned with as
much success as they were in Mexico
Academy.

The Maine Election.

PORTLAND, Sept. 12.—The Republicans
have swept every congressional district,
and the State has been carried by up-
wards of 12,000 majority.

Tweed has been arrested in Spain, and
will be surrendered to the United States
authorities.

Ex-Governor Henry A. Wise died at
Richmond, Va., on Tuesday.

You Have no Excuse.

Have you any excuse for suffering
with Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint? Is
there any reason why you should go on
from day to day complaining with sour
stomach, sick headache, habitual costive-
ness, palpitation of the heart, heartburn,
water-brash, gnawing and burning pains
at the pit of the stomach, yellow skin,
coated tongue and disagreeable taste in
the mouth, coming up of food after eat-
ing, low spirits, &c? No! It is positively
your own fault if you do. Go to
your Druggist, John C. Taylor, and get a
bottle of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER. For
75 cents your cure is certain, but if you
doubt this, get a sample bottle for 10
cents and try it. Two doses will relieve you.

PORK.—Fresh packed new Pork on
hand. Fine for the table. Cheap, at
46-28

COBB BROS.

Oswego County Teachers' Institute.

An English traveler complained that while journeying in Vermont, on arriving at a country hotel after a long coach journey, he was told: "Supper! oh, certainly, you can have supper," and presently found himself in a long dining-room lit by a single malodorous petroleum lamp, at a table bespotted with the debris of a coarse meal. Presently the hungry wretch was supplied with a ghastly burlesque of a supper in the form of under-baked apple pie and doughnuts, to be washed down by a horrid decoction of straw and hot water, which passed by the name of tea. In a French rural town, under such circumstances, he would have had soup, a delicious cutlet, fried potatoes, light claret and coffee. In England he would have had a good beefsteak, bread and cheese and undeniable beer.

Charles Lamb was once riding in a stage coach in company with one of those sympathizing souls ever on the lookout for an opportunity to compassionate affliction. "What a bad cough you have, sir," said the sympathizing one, after Lamb had recovered from a violent fit of coughing. "I know it," replied Lamb, "but it is the best I can do."

Charles Mathews, the comedian, was served by a greengrocer named Berry, and generally settled his bill once a quarter. At one time the account was sent in before it was due, and Mathews, laboring under an idea that his credit was doubted, said: "Here's a pretty mull, Berry. You have sent in your bill, Berry, before it was due, Berry. Your father, the elder Berry, would not have been such a goose, Berry. But you need not look so black, Berry, for I don't care a straw, Berry, and shan't pay you till Christmas, Berry."

In ancient Judea, when the wild notes of the trumpet rang among the mountains, and through the plains proclaiming the fiftieth year, the year of jubilee, the year of rest, the axe and hammer, the sickle and flail, all implements of labor were laid aside—the ass unharmed, the ox unyoked, the land at rest—and old and young, masters and bondsmen, mistresses and hand-maidens thronged the valleys and hill-sides, coming up to Jerusalem to hear proclamation of their freedom.

A country curate, in a letter to Blackwood's Magazine, says that on one occasion he baptized a child named "Acta." Afterwards in the vestry he asked the good woman what made her choose such a name. Her answer was this: "Why, sir, we be religious people; we've got four on 'em already, and they be called Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and so my husband thought he would compliment the Apostles a bit."

They were a gushing young couple, and they were "doing" the Chinese department in the Centennial Exhibition. She was gazing curiously at the almondy-natives, and he was admiring exhibits. "Do you know," asked he, "that the Chinese are over six thousand years old?" "Why, no," returned she, with astonishment. "They don't look to be over thirty, do they?"

A New Hair Tonic Worth Having—It is the Best.

Wood's Improved Hair Restorative is unlike any other, and has no equal. The Improved has new vegetable tonic properties; restores gray hair to a glossy, natural color; restores faded, dry, harsh and falling hair; restores, dresses, gives vigor to the hair; restores hair to prematurely bald heads; removes dandruff, humors, scaly eruptions; removes irritation, itching and scalp dryness. No article produces such wonderful effects. Try it. Call for Wood's Improved Hair Restorative, and don't be put off with any other article. Sold by all druggists in this place and dealers everywhere. Trade supplied at manufacturer's prices by C. A. Cook & Co., Chicago, Sole Agents for the United States and Canada, and by J. F. Henry, Curran & Co., New York.

Sold by E. L. Huntington, Druggist, Mexico, N. Y.

Wonderful Success!

It is reported that BOSCHKE'S GERMANY SYRUP has, since its introduction in the United States, reached the immense sale of 40,000 dozen per year. Over 6,000 Druggists have ordered this medicine direct from the factory, at Woodbury, N. J., and not one have reported a single failure, but every letter speaks of its astonishing success in curing severe Croup, Colds, settled on the breast, Consumption, or any disease of Throat and Lungs. We advise any person that has any predisposition to weak Lungs, to go to their druggist, John C. Taylor, and get this medicine, or inquire about it. Regular size, 75 cents; sample bottle 10 cents. Two doses will relieve any case. Don't neglect your cough.

To Cooper's.

I will sell Turned Heading for apple blbs. at 34c. per set, and flour blb. Heading proportionately low, at my Mill at the Stone Quarry. Heading always on hand. Wm. Adams, 42-6w Mexico, Aug. 22, 1876.

All you who think of buying a carriage, buggy or wagon, be sure and go to Geo. Penfield's, and see his stock and learn his prices before purchasing elsewhere. You will be surprised to learn how low his prices are. Just give him a call.

PARISH.

Tuesday, Aug. 29th, the Sabbath-schools of Colosse and Parish had a union picnic in Dimon's grove, Parish, on premises formerly owned by Elder G. Barnes, the first settler in this town and the first pastor of the Colosse Baptist church. It was an enjoyable time, in fact, a real union picnic.

It is with pain we announce the death of Dr. Austin White, the first physician that settled in this town, which took place Sept. 1, 1876. He was highly esteemed, and doubtless there will be an obituary written of his life. We forbear saying anything more. His funeral will be to-morrow.

There have been many fires about us of late, doing no serious damage except in scorching forests. The rain last Friday night abated them some. We have been suffering from drouth.

The fall term of our schools commenced last Monday. Melvin Alsver teaches one of the village schools, and Miss Cheesbro, of Vermillion, teaches the other; and Miss Margetta Norton teaches the branch school. Miss Emma Norton is teaching a fall term at the Red Mills. Prof. G. W. Hawley is teaching a select school in our village. W. R. Alsver is teaching a select school in the Nulding District.

When we went to the Mexico Academy Reunion we went in the primitive style, as we used to do, and went home in the same style. So we think we enjoyed the Reunion about the best of any one.

The pamphlet that is about to be sent out to the world in regard to the late Academy reunion, will be deficient unless something is inserted therein showing the benefit of the Academy to the farming and mechanical interests of the country for the last fifty years, and it should be written by men of those callings. We believe that the academy has been of greater benefit to persons of those callings than to any others. Mexico Academy is the child of the farmer and mechanic, and was sustained in its infancy by them, and now in its manhood they want the world to know its great blessings to them.

We were at the Prohibition Convention at Pulaski, last Saturday. It was composed of true, earnest, radical men. Their nominees are of a high order. They struck out boldly for reformation and reform by nominating Thomas H. Austin, of New Haven, for County Clerk.

Next Saturday, there will be a town centennial picnic in McClymond's grove. A history of the town will then be given.

Parish, Sept. 4th, 1876.

Special Excursion to Philadelphia.

FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP INCLUDING LODGINGS WHILE IN PHILADELPHIA \$10.

A special train for Philadelphia will leave the Midland Depot at Oswego, Monday, Sept. 18th, at 12:30 p. m., consisting of first class passenger coaches and run through to Philadelphia, arriving at the Centennial grounds in time for breakfast early Tuesday morning.

Returning, the train will leave the Centennial depot in Philadelphia at 4:45 p. m. of Friday the 23d, arriving at Oswego at noon of Saturday, Sept. 23d.

While in Philadelphia the party will be lodged at the Channing House on Pine street, about 15 minutes walk from the Centennial grounds. Street cars for the grounds pass the door. This hotel, located in the handsomest part of West Philadelphia—is built of brick and stone with every modern convenience. Its buildings and furniture are entirely new with accommodation for 700 guests.

Agents will be on the train to conduct the party to their rooms at the Channing House, and those desiring can purchase of them meal tickets entitling the holder to breakfast and supper at \$1 per day. Parties holding room or meal tickets at the Channing House desiring to leave before the expiration of the fourth day may surrender their tickets and the unused portion will be refunded, less 10 per cent.

Meals can be procured at moderate prices on the Centennial grounds and the numerous eating houses adjacent thereto. McNeil's Restaurant within the Centennial grounds, furnish breakfast, dinner and supper, at 25 cents each. Outside the grounds may be found restaurants with comparatively reasonable charges.

Parties may provide themselves as far as they desire with refreshments before leaving home. By thus doing the round trip can be made for \$10.00 plus the entrance fees, half a dollar per day.

Those who prefer to make their own arrangements for lodging will be provided with passage tickets to Philadelphia and return at \$2.00 less than the advertised rates.

Tickets will be good on any train of the Pennsylvania RR. from Philadelphia to New York, on or between the dates above mentioned. Those availing themselves of this privilege can join the returning special train at the Jersey City Depot on the Pennsylvania RR., at 7 o'clock p. m. Friday, Sept. 22d.

Tickets can be procured of the Agents of the Midland RR. and as the number sold will correspond to the seats provided, it is important that all proposing to make this trip, should purchase their tickets at an early date. For further information and for tickets address or apply to

G. R. SALISBURY, Midland RR. Depot, Oswego, N. Y.

The managers of the road guarantee that the number of persons in each car under any circumstance will be limited to its seating capacity, and every effort will be made to secure the comfort of the passengers.

Wm. H. WEBB, Gen'l Passenger Agent, N. Y. & O. Midland R. R.,

MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:
Flour, (retail) Spr'g \$6.75, red \$7.25, white \$8.00
Meal, 5 cwt, (retail) 0.00 @ 1.25
Shells, 5 ton, 18
Shipments, 5 ton, 18
Middlings, 5 ton, 22
Corn, 30 @ 35
Oats, 30 @ 35

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE:
Butter, 20 @ 22
Loose Butter, 18 @ 20
Cheese, 6 @ 9 1/2
Lard, 15
Eggs, 15 doz, 15
Beef 1/2 lb, 05 @ 14
Beef, 5 cwt, \$6 @ 27
Mutton, 5 cwt, \$6 @ 27
Pork, 5 barrel, retail, \$21
Pork 5 cwt, \$21 @ 27
Apples, (dried), 1/2 lb, 06
Ham, 1/2 lb, 14
Dried Poultry, 1/2 lb, 10 @ 12
Potatoes, 5 bush, 50
Beef Hides, per lb, 3 @ 4

Disordered Lungs.

From P. G. Smith, Esq., of Ithaca, N. Y.

"Having for the last fourteen years used WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY in my family—always with the best success, and confidently believing that it has on several occasions saved my life—I give it as my opinion that it is the best remedy in use for diseases of the Throat and Lungs. About two years since my youngest son, then about fifteen years of age, took a violent cold, which settled on his lungs. So rapid and severe was the progress of the disease, that we became very much alarmed. We commenced giving him the Balsam, and continued to do so until five bottles were used, when this dangerous attack was removed. Last year he was again seized with a violent cough and cold, and believing his lungs to be diseased, we applied to the late Dr. J. E. Hawley, one of our most distinguished physicians, for an examination, the result of which was that his lungs were pronounced diseased. On learning that we had used the Balsam, he advised us to continue to do so, which we did, and in the course of a few days the health of my son was entirely restored. Feeling under great obligations for the benefits derived from this great remedy, I cheerfully recommend it to all who suffer from diseases of the throat and lungs."

\$12 A DAY at home. Agents wanted. On trial and terms free. TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR Deaf-Mute Children

The Rev. T. B. BERRY, Rector of Trinity Church, GRANVILLE, N. Y.

Desires to receive into his family four deaf-mute children for instruction and home care.

References: Rev. T. Galland, D. D., Prof. I. L. Post, L. D., New York, and Prof. C. W. Ely, A. M., Frederick, Md.

SEND 25c to G. P. BOWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 2000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH

Where Advertising Contracts can be made.

ORDER OF DEAF-MUTE INSTRUCTION

THE SIX NEW WORKS

P. A. EMERY, M. A., D. D.

I.—Order of Creation. (Chart, 20x30).

II.—Arcana of Nature Revealed. Based on Mathematics, Twelve Axioms of Creation, &c. Chart nicely colored, with Book nicely bound, \$5.00. Chart plain, with Book plain bound, \$3.00.

III.—Circle of Religion & Science. (Chart, 20x30).

IV.—Landscapes of History. Based on Circles, Twelve Axioms of History, &c. Chart nicely colored, with Book nicely bound, \$3.00. Chart plain, with Book plain bound, \$2.00.

V.—Rational Dream Book. VI.—Inner Life Night Thoughts. Based on Ten Propositions, a new and universal language, &c.

Bound in Two Volumes. \$1.50. Ten cents off to Ministers.

These great works will be in the hands of all who wish to possess the most advanced and rational ideas of Creation, History and Dreamland.

M. A. EMERY & SONS, Publishers, CHICAGO, ILL.

Send Stamp for Pamphlet-Circulars, &c. The Works mailed free on receipt of Price.

\$5 TO \$20 per day at home. Same per worth \$1 free. STIMUS and Portland, Maine.

COAL.

The following are the prices for coal:

Anthracite and Lackawanna Coal.

GRATE, 7.05
EGG, 7.20
STOVE, 7.65
CHESTNUT, 7.25

Willcox-Barrie Coal.

GRATE, 7.05
EGG, 7.20
STOVE, 7.65
CHESTNUT, 7.25

Blacksmith's Coal always on hand.

Our coal is as clean as any in the market, and is warranted to give satisfaction or no pay.

See All and be paid for when delivered.

Office in the Express office at L. G. Ballard's Grocery.

W. PENFIELD.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

--For 1876--

THE GREAT DEAF-MUTE PAPER!

The Acknowledged Leader OF THE Deaf-Mute Press.

The unprecedented encouragement we have received during the year from the most intelligent deaf-mutes in the country, and from gentlemen, the very leaders of the profession, stimulates us to renewed exertion, and we are determined, as far as the power within us lies, to make

{The Journal} {A Marvel of Deaf-} {for 1876,} {Mute Journalism.}

We are ever on the alert for first-class additions to our list, and arrangements are now making by which we hope soon to announce

An Unequaled Corps of Contributors.

The prominent features of the year will be continued, and new ones from time to time inaugurated.

THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT

is acceptable to our better class of readers, will during the year, be exceedingly rich in varied Foreign Notes.

THE ITEMIZER.

This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We want much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and new paragraphs.

We shall make the

Journal Progressive

In every sense of the term, and in all respect we shall be fully up to the times. We assure our readers that all we can do shall be done to make the Journal instructive and attractive.

TERMS

One copy one year, postage paid, \$1.50

One copy six months, 1.25

Clubs of ten, 1.25

These prices are invariable. Remit in drafts, post-office money orders, or by registered letters. Never send money in an ordinary letter.

Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

THE FOLLOWING WORKS

Published or for sale by

BAKER, PRATT & CO.

Nos. 142 & 44 Grand St., NEW YORK CITY.

Will be sent by mail on receipt of price with ten per cent added for postage.

Peet's Course of Instruction

FOR THE

DEAF and DUMB.

Elementary Lessons, by Harvey P. Peet, LL. D. Pp. 308. Price 75 cents.

Scripture Lessons, by Harvey P. Peet, LL. D. Pp. 95. Price 30 cents.

Course of Instruction. Part III, by Harvey P. Peet, LL. D. Fully Illustrated. Pp. 252. Price \$1.00.

Containing a development of the verb; illustrations of idioms; lessons on the different periods of human life; natural history of animals, and a description of each month in the year.

This is one of the best reading books that has ever been prepared for deaf-mutes, and furnishes an excellent practical method of making them familiar with pure, simple, idiomatic English. It is well adapted also for the instruction of hearing children.

History of the United States of America, by Harvey P. Peet, LL. D. Pp. 423. Price \$1.50.

Extending from the discovery of the continent to the close of President Lincoln's administration. A work of great accuracy, written in a pure, idiomatic style, and pronounced by good judges to be the best and most instructive history of this country that has ever been condensed within the same compass.

Manual of Chemistry, by Dudley Peet, M. D. Pp. 125. Price 75 cents.

Manual of Vegetable Physiology, by Isaac Lewis Peet, LL. D. Pp. 42. Price 25 cents.

Language Lessons, by Isaac Lewis Peet, LL. D. Script Type. Pp. 232. Price \$1.25, (including postage.)

Designed to introduce young learners, deaf-mutes, and foreigners to a correct understanding and use of the English language.

It is believed that this book will meet a want long felt, as the directions for use are so minute that no one, even without previous familiarity with the instruction of deaf-mutes, may withhold aid satisfactorily carry forward their education.

It is therefore adapted for home instruction as well as for use in the classroom. In the latter it is admirably fitted to serve as a standard of attainment and a means of securing uniformity of method, thus rendering classification easier, and obviating the injury which often arises from transferring a pupil from one teacher to another.

By its means the education of a deaf-mute can be successfully commenced at a very early age. Teachers to employ it for advantage is not necessary to forego the use of other text-books, but it will, it is thought, supply many deficiencies, and moreover form in the pupil the habit of thinking in language.

With this view it need not be confined to elementary classes, as all the pupils in an institution would derive a benefit from going through the exercises.

MEXICO DIRECTORY.

C. E. HEATON, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office over Thomas' new Store. Special office day, Saturday afternoon of each week. Residence—Pulaski St.

J. U. MANWARREN, M. D. MEXICO, N. Y. Office, opposite Post office. Residence corner of Main and Railroad streets. Female and all chronic diseases made a specialty. SATURDAYS of each week special office days. All calls promptly attended.

Raphael de Cotonville, M. D., Office 382 N. Salina Street, SYRACUSE, N. Y. Office hours from 8 to 12 a. m., and from 2 to 6 p. m. Will give prompt attention to CHRONIC DISEASES. All letters confidential. 33-ly

Wm. H. HALL, Barber and Hair Dresser.

Particular attention paid to Shampooing, and the cutting of ladies and children's hair. Shop on Main street, Mexico.

DR. JAS ANDREW MILNE, SURGEON.

Office, No. 213 West First Street, OSWEGO. Office hours, 9.00 to 11.00 a. m. And from 4.00 to 7.30 p. m. An appointment for any other hour can be secured by making the request by letter. 16

REAL HAIR SWITCHES

For sale at A. L. Mason's. Also Madam Foy's patent Cornet Skirt Supporter. Mexico, May 19, 1876.

H. H. DOBSON, Dentist.

Nitrous oxide or laughing gas for extracting teeth without pain always on hand. All work warranted and at the lowest living prices. Office over H. C. Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y.

WEBB & COON, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, AND PROCTORS IN LAW, EQUITY and ADMIRALTY.

Rooms 8, 9, 10 and 11 Arcade Block, East End OSWEGO, N. Y. S. A. Webb, S. M. Coon.

J. D. HARTSON, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office over Stone, Robinson & Co's Store Main St.

J. A. RICKARD, Dealer in all kinds of Furniture, South Jefferson Street.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—In pursuance of an order of E. W. Skinner, Surrogate of Oswego County, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Morris S. Kimball, late of the town of Volney, in said county, deceased, to present their accounts, with the vouchers therefor, to the subscriber, at her residence, in said town, on or before the twenty-second day of November, 1876, or they will lose the benefit of the statute in such case made and provided.—Dated May 22, 1876.

MRS. M. S. KIMBALL, Administratrix.

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth. Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous, and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

HAIR DRESSING,

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet takes long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

For sale at Mexico, by JOHN C. TAYLOR, Druggist.

EVERY ADVERTISER NEEDS IT.

BUY PIRRUNG'S Scrubbing Machine

Goit & Castle.

This Map cleans the floor and takes up all the dirty water into a box, without kneading, stooping or wetting the hands. It differs from the Rubber Mop in having a box to receive and hold the dirty water until emptied, and is the only machine in the world which possesses that advantage.

NO CLOTH IS NEEDED.

With it one person can do more work and do it better, than five can with any other Mop.

Every Family Needs One.

Saloons, Stores, and Offices in using it save its cost every week. Hotels in using it save its cost every week. Hotels in using it save its cost every week. It is made of the very best material, is durable and lasts from three to five years. It saves more hard work than a Cloth Mop, which costs from \$5 to \$8.

Price, \$2.00 each.

For sale by GOIT & CASTLE, Mexico, June 6, 1876.

Ho! For the Centennial.

AND FOR Penfield's CARRIAGE AND WAGON MANUFACTORY.

IT IS A FACT

That the undersigned is now selling his fine stock of

Platform Spring Wagons, PHAETON BUGGIES, Open Buggies,

LUMBER WAGONS, Cheaper than Ever.

all and examine my stock and learn prices, and you will save money thereby, as I am determined to sell at prices to suit the times.

All kinds of REPAIRING done with neatness and despatch.

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Syracuse Northern Railroad.

GOING NORTH—LEAVE

Syracuse 3 20 P. M. P. M. A. M. Central Square, 4 22 12 50 5 55 8 50

Mallory, 4 32 1 50 6 07 9 12 Hastings, 4 41 1 53 6 15 9 20

Parish, 4 47 2 05 6 22 9 25 Union Square, 4 55 2 17 6 35 10

Holmesville, 5 07 2 23 6 42 10 28 Pulaski, 5 22 2 37 6 53 10 58

Sandy Creek Jn. 5 40 2 55 7 10 11 40

GOING SOUTH—LEAVE

Sandy Creek Jn. 9 00 12 05 6 05 4 00

Pulaski, 9 17 12 24 6 18 4 42

Holmesville, 9 28 12 38 6 30 5 15

Union Square, 9 37 12 47 6 35 5 32

Parish, 9 45 12 59 6 44 5 40

Hastings, 9 51 1 07 6 48 5 45

Mallory, 9 58 1 15 6 55 5 52